THOMAS FLATMAN.

THOMAS FLATMAN.

POEMS AND SONGS,

BY

THOMAS FLATMAN.

The Fourth Edition,
With many Additions and Amendments.

——— *Me quoque vatem*
Dicunt Paſtores, ſed non Ego credulus illis. Virgil.

LONDON,
Printed for *Benjamin Tooke*, at the Ship in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard. 1686.

TO HIS

GRACE

THE

DUKE

OF

ORMOND

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, *&c.*

In humble acknowledgment of

His Princely Favours

The *POEMS* are with all Dutiful

Reſpect

DEDICATED

By his GRACE's

Ever Oblig'd, and moſt

Obedient Servant,

Thomas Flatman.

To the Reader.

When I was prevail'd upon to make a Fourth Publication of these Poems *with a great many Additions, it was told me, That without a* Preface *the Book would be unfashionable; Universal Custom had made it a Debt, and in this Age the* Bill of Fare *was as necessary as the* Entertainment. *To be Civil therefore, and to Comply with Expectation, instead of an elaborate Harangue in Commendation of the Art in general, or what, and what Qualifications go to the making up of a* Poet *in particular, and without such artificial Imbellishments as use to be the Ornament of Prefaces, as* Sayings of Philosophers, Ends

of Verſes, Greek, Latin, Hungarian, French, Welch, *or* Italian, *Be it known unto the Reader, That in my poor Opinion* Poetry *has a very near Reſemblance to the modern Experiment of the* Ambling-Saddle; *It's a good Invention for ſmoothing the* Trott of Proſe; *That's the Mechanical uſe of it. But Phyſically it gives preſent Eaſe to the* Pains *of the* Mind, *contracted by violent Surfeit of either good or bad Uſage in the World. To be ſerious, 'tis an Innocent Help to* Sham *a Man's time when it lies on his hands and his Fancy can reliſh nothing elſe. I ſpeak but my own Experience; when any Accident hath either pleas'd or vex'd me beyond my power of expreſsing either my Satisfaction or Indignation in downright* Proſe, *I found it ſeaſonable for*

for Rhiming; *and I believe from what follows it may be diſcern'd when 'twas* Fair Weather, *when* Changeable, *and when the* Quickſilver *fell down to* Storm *and* Tempeſt. *As to the Meaſures obſerv'd by me, I always took a peculiar delight in the* Pindarique *ſtrain, and that for two Reaſons, Firſt, it gave me a liberty now and then to correct the ſaucy forwardneſs of a* Rhime, *and to lay it aſide till I had a mind to admit it; And ſecondly, if my Senſe fell at any time too ſhort for my* Stanza, *(and it will often happen ſo in Verſifying) I had then opportunity to fill it up with a* Metaphor *little to the purpoſe, and (upon occaſion) to run that* Metaphor *ſtark mad into an* Allegory, *a practice very frequent and of admirable uſe amongſt the* Moderns, *eſpecially the*

the Nobleſs *of the Faculty. But in good earneſt, as to the* Subjects, *which came in my way to write upon, I muſt declare that I have choſen only ſuch as might be treated within the Rules of* Decency, *and without offence either to* Religion *or* good Manners. *The Caution I receiv'd (by Tradition) from the Incomparable Mr.* Cowley, *and him I muſt ever acknowledge but to imitate, if any of the enſuing Copies may deſerve the name of* Good *or* Indifferent. *I have not vanity enough to preſcribe how a* Muſe *ought to be Courted, and I want leiſure to borrow from ſome Treatiſes I have ſeen, which look like ſo many* Academies *of* Compliments *for that purpoſe. I have known a man, who when he was about to write would ſcrew his face into more diſguiſes*

than

than Scaramuccio, *or a* Quaker *at a Meeting when his Turn came to mount; his breast heav'd, his hair stood on end, his eyes star'd, and the whole man was disorder'd; and truly when he had done, any body at first reading would conclude that at the time he made them he was possess'd with an evil Spirit. Another that seem'd like* Nostradamus (*when the Whim took him in the head to Prophesie,*) *he sate upon his* Divining Tripos, *his elbow on his knee, his Lamp by his side, all the avenues of light stopp'd, full of expectation when the* little faint flames *should steal in through a crevice of the Shutters; This Gentleman indeed writ extreme* Melancholy Madrigals. *I have had the happiness to hear of a Third too, whose whole life was* Poetical, *he was a* Walking

Poem,

Poem, *and his way was this; finding that the fall of the Leaf was already upon him, and prudently foreseeing that in the Winter of his old Age he might possibly want Fodder, he carry'd always about him one of* Raimund' Lully's Repositories, *a piece of* Mathematical Paper, *and in what Company soever he came, the* Spoon *was always ready for the* Civet-Cat, *nothing scap'd him that* fell from a Wit: *At night his custom was to digest all that he had pirated that Day, under proper Heads; This was his* Arsenal, *his inexhaustible* Magazine; *so that upon occasion he had no more to do, than to give a snap, or two to his Nails; a rub or two upon the sutures of his Head, to turn over his* Hint-Book, *and the Matter was at hand, his business (after that piece of*

Leger-

Legerdemain) *was only* Tacking, *and* Tagging: *I never ſaw but One of this Author's Compoſitions, and really It troubled me, becauſe It put me in mind, how much time I had miſpent in Coffee-Houſes, for there was nothing in It, but what I could find a Father for There; Nay, (with a little recollection,) a man might name moſt of the Birds from whence he had pluckt his Feathers. Some there are that Beſeech, Others that Hector their* Muſes: *Some that Diet their* Pegaſus, *give him his Heats and Ayrings for the Courſe; Others that endeavour to ſtop up his broken wind with Medicinal Ale and Biſquet; But theſe for the moſt part are men of* Induſtry; *Rhiming is their proper Buſineſs, they are fain to labour hard, and uſe much Artifice for a*

poor

poor Livelihood, I wish 'em good Trading. I profess I never had design to be incorporated into the Society; my utmost End was merely for Diversion of my self and a few Friends whom I very well love: and if the question should be ask'd why these Productions are expos'd, I may truly say, I could not help it; One unlucky Copy, like a Bellweather, stole from me into the Common, and the rest of the Flock took their opportunity to leave the Enclosure. If I might be proud of any thing, it should be the first Copy of the Book, but therein I had the greatest advantage given me that any Noble Subject could afford. And so much for Preface *and* Poetry, *till some very powerful Star shall over-rule my present Resolution.*

On

On the Excellent

POEMS

Of my moſt Worthy Friend,

Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN.*

YOU happy *Iſſue* of a happy Wit,
As ever yet in charming numbers writ,
Welcom into the *Light*, and may we be
Worthy ſo happy a Poſterity.
We long have wiſh'd for ſomething *Excellent*;
But ne'r till now knew rightly what it meant:
For though we have been gratifi'd 'tis true,
From ſeveral hands with things both *fine* and *new*,
The *Wits* muſt pardon me, if I profeſs,
That till this time the over-teeming Preſs
Ne'r ſet out *Poeſie* in ſo *true* a *dreſs*:
Nor is it *all*, to have a ſhare of *Wit*,
There muſt be *Judgment too* to manage it;
For *Fancy*'s like a rough, but ready *Horſe*,
Whoſe mouth is govern'd more by *skill* than *force*;

Wherein

Wherein (*my Friend*) you do a *Maiſtry* own,
If not particular to you alone;
Yet ſuch at leaſt as to all eyes declares
Your *Pegaſus* the beſt performs his *Ayres*.
Your *Muſe* can humour all her Subjects ſo,
That as we *read* we do both *feel* and *know*;
And the moſt firm impenetrable breaſt
With the ſame *paſſion* that *you write*'s poſſeſt.
Your *Lines* are *Rules*, which who ſhall well obſerve
Shall even in their *Errors* praiſe deſerve:
The boyling Youth, whoſe bloud is all on fire,
Puſh'd on by Vanity, and hot deſire,
May learn ſuch Conduct here, men may approve
And not *excuſe*, but even *applaud* his *Love*.
Ovid, who made an *A R T* of what to all
Is in it ſelf but *too too natural*,
Had he but read *your Verſe*, might then have ſeen
The *Stile* of which his *Precepts* ſhould have been;
And (which it ſeems he knew not) learnt from (thence
To reconcile *Frailty* with *Innocence*.

The

The *Love you* write, *Virgins* and *Boys* may read,
And never be *debaucht* but *better bred*;
For without *Love*, *Beauty* would bear no price,
And *Dulneſs*, than *Deſire*'s a greater vice:
Your greater Subjects with ſuch *force* are writ
So full of ſinewy Strength, as well as Wit,
That when *you* are *Religious*, our *Divines*
May *emulate*, but not *reprove your Lines:*
And when *you* reaſon, *there* the learned Crew
May learn to *ſpeculate*, and ſpeak from *you*.
You no *prophane*, no *obſcene* language uſe
To *ſmut your Paper*, or *defile your Muſe*.
Your gayeſt things, as well *expreſt*, as meant
Are equally both *Queint*, and *Innocent*.
But *your Pindarique Odes* indeed are ſuch
That *Pindar's Lyre* from his own ſkilful touch,
Ne're yielded ſuch an *Harmony*, nor yet
Verſe keep ſuch time on ſo *unequal feet*.
So by his own generous confeſſion
Great *Taſſo* by *Guarini* was out-done:

And (which in *Copying* ſeldom does befal)
The *Eclype*'s better than th' *Original.*
But whilſt *your* Fame I labour to ſend forth,
By the ill-doing it I cloud your worth,
In *ſomething* all mankind *unhappy* are,
And you as *mortal* too muſt have your ſhare;
'Tis your misfortune to have found a *Friend,*
Who *hurts* and *injures* where he would *commend.*
But let *this* be your comfort, that *your Bayes*
Shall *flouriſh green,* maugre an *ill couch'd Praiſe.*

CHARLES COTTON *Eſq*

TO

To my Friend

Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN*

Upon the Publication of his

POEMS.

I.

AS when a *Prince* his Standard do's erect,
And calls his Subjects to the Field,
From ſuch as early take his ſide,
And readily obedience yield,
He is inſtructed where he may ſuſpect,
And where he ſafely may confide;
So mighty *Friend*;
That you may ſee
A perfect evidence of Loyalty,
No buſineſs I pretend;
From all th' Incumbrances of humane life,
From nouriſhing the ſinful peoples ſtrife,
And the increaſing weakneſſes of Age.

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II.

Domeſtick Care, the Minds incurable Diſeaſe
I am reſolv'd I will forget,
Ah! could I hope the reſtleſs pain
Would now intirely ceaſe,
And never more return again,
My thoughts I would in other order ſet;
By more than proteſtations I would ſhow,
Not the Sum total only of the Debt,
But the particulars of all I owe.

III.

This I would do: But what will our deſire avail
When active heat and vigour fail?
'Tis well thou haſt more youthful Combatants (than I,
Right able to protect thy Immortality:
If Envy ſhould attaque thy ſpotleſs name,
(And that attaques the beſt of things
And into rigid Cenſure brings
The moſt undoubted Regiſters of Fame)

Their

Their fond Artillery let them diſpence,
Piercing Wit and Murd'ring Eloquence,
Noble Conceit and manly Sence,
Charming *Numbers* let 'em ſhine
And dazle dead in ev'ry line
The moſt malicious of thy Foes,
Though Hell it ſelf ſhould offer to oppoſe;
I (thy decrepit Subject) only can reſign
The little life of Art is left, to ranſom thine:
Fumbling's as bad in Poetry,
And as Ridiculous, as 'tis in Gallantry:
But if a Dart I may prevent,
Which at my *Friend*'s repute was meant
Let them then direct at Me;
By dying in ſo juſt a War,
I poſſibly may ſhare
In thy Infallible Eternity.

IV.

But dearest *Friend*
(Before it be too late)
Let us a while expostulate,
What heat of Glory call'd you on,
Your learned Empire to extend
Beyond the Limits of your own Dominion?
At home, you were already crown'd with Bayes:
Why Foreign Trophies do you seek to raise?
Poets Arcana's have of Government,
And tho' the *Homagers* of your own *Continent*
Out of a Sense of duty do submit,
Yet *Publick Print*, a jealousie creates
And intimates a lay'd design
Unto the Neighb'ring *Potentates.*
Now into all your secret Arts they pry,
And weigh each hint by rules of policy,
Offensive Leagues they twine,
In Councils, Rota's, and Cabals they sit,
Each Petty *Burgess* thinks it fit
The *Corporation* should combine, Against

Againſt the Univerſal *Monarchy* of Wit,
And ſtreight declare for quite abjuring it.

V.

Hence then muſt you prepare for an Invaſion:
Tho not from ſuch as are reclaim'd by Education;
In the main points all *European* Wits agree,
All allow Order, Art, and Rules of Decency,
And to be abſolutely perfect, ne're was yet
A Beauty ſuch, or ſuch a Wit.
I fear the Pagan and the Barbarous,
A Nation quite *Antipodes* to us;
The Infidel unletter'd Crew (I mean)
Who call that only Wit,
Which is indeed but the Reverſe of it;
Creatures in whom Civility ne're ſhone,
But (unto Nature's contradiction)
It is their Glory to be ſo obſcene,
You 'ld think the Legion of th' unclean
Were from the Swine, (to which they were condemn'd) releas'd.
And had theſe verier Swine, (than them) poſſeſt.

VI.

If these should an advantage take
And on thy Fame a Depredation make,
You must submit to the unhappiness;
These are the common Enemies of our Belief and Art,
And by hostility possest
The World's much greater part:
All things with them are measur'd by success:
If the Battel be not won;
If the Author do not sell;
Into their dull capacities it will not sink,
They cannot with deliberation think
How bravely the Commander led them on,
No nor wherein the Book was written well:
When, ('tis a thing impossible to do,)
He cannot find his Army courage, (Sir) nor you
Your Readers, Learning, Wit, and Judgment too.

Robert Thompson
LL. D.

TO

To my Friend

Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN*,

On the Publiſhing of theſe his

POEMS.

LEt not (my *Friend*) th' incredulous *Sceptick* (Man
Diſpute what Potent *Art* and *Nature* can!
Let him believe, the *Birds* that did bemoan
The loſs of *Zeuxis Grapes* in Queru'lous Tone,
Were *Silenc'd* by a *Painted Dragon*, found
A *Teleſme* to reſtrain their chatt'ring ſound,
And that one made a *Miſtreſs* could inforce
A *Neighing ſigh*, ev'n from a Stallion *Horſe!*
Let old *Timanthes* now *unveil* the *Face*
Of his *Atrides*, thou't give *Sorrow grace!*
Now may *Parrhaſius* let his *Curtain* ſtand!
And great *Protogenes* take off his Hand!
For all that *Lying Greece* and *Latium* too
Have told us of, *Thou* (only *thou*) mak'ſt *true*.

And

And all the *Miracles* which they could ſhow,
Remain no longer *Faith*; but *Science* now.
Thou do'ſt thoſe things that no man elſe durſt do,
Thou *Paint'ſt* the *lightning*, and the *thunder* too!
The *Soul* and *Voice!*
Thou'lt make *Turks*, *Jews*, with *Romaniſts* (conſent,
To break the *Second* great *Commandement*:
And them perſuade an *Adoration* giv'd
In *Picture*, will as grateful be to Heav'n
As one in *Metre*. Th' Art is in *Exceſs*;
But yet thy Ingenuity makes it *leſs*.
With *Pen* and *Pencil* thou doſt all out-ſhine,
In *Speaking Picture*, *Poeſie Divine*.
Poets, *Creators* are! You made us *Know*
Thoſe are *Above*, and *Dread* thoſe are *Below*;
But 'tis no Wonder you ſuch things can *Dare*,
That *Painter*, *Poet*, and a *Prophet* are.
The *Stars* themſelves, think it no ſcorn to be
Plac'd, and Directed in their Way by Thee.

Thou

Thou Know'ſt their Virtue, and their Situation,
The Fate of Years, and every great *Mutation*,
With the ſame Kindneſs let *them* look on Earth;
As when they gave thee firſt *thy happy Birth!*
To ſober *Saturn Aſpects*, *Cynthia* bright,
Reſigning *Hers*, to give us thy *New Light*.
The Gentle *Venus* roſe with *Mercury*,
(Preſage of *Softneſs* in thy *Poeſie*)
And *Jove*, and *Mars* in Amicable *Trine*
Do ſtill give *Spirit* to thy *Poliſh'd Line*.
Thou *mayſt* do what thou *wilt* without *controul*:
Only thy ſelf and Heav'n can Paint thy Soul.

FRAN. BARNARD

M. D.

TO

To his esteemed Friend

Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN*,

Upon the Publishing of his

POEMS.

YOur *Poems* (*Friend*) come on the publick (Stage
In a Debauch'd, an a Censorious Age;
Where nothing now is counted *Standard Wit*,
Bu what's Prophane, Obscene, or 's bad as it.
For our great *Wits*, like *Gallants* of the times,
(And such they are) court only those loose Rhimes,
Which, like their *Misses*, *Patch'd* and *Painted* are;
But scorn what Vertuous is and truly Fair;
Such as your *Muse* is, who with Careful Art
For all but *such*, hath wisely fram'd a Part.
One while (methinks) under some *Gloomy Shade*.
I see the *Melancholy Lover* laid,
Pleasing himself in that his Pensive Fit
With what you have on such Occasion writ.

Another

Another while (methinks) I ſeem to hear (Care,
'Mongſt thoſe, who ſometimes will unbend their
And ſteal themſelves out from the buſie Throng,
Your pleaſant *Songs* in ſolemn *Conſort Sung*.
Again (methinks) I ſee the grave *Divine*
Lay by his other *Books*, to look on *thine*,
And from thy ſerious and *Divine Review*
See what our Duty is, and his own too.
Yet, *worthy Friend*, you cann't but gueſs what (doom
Is like to paſs on what you 've writ, by ſome;
But there are others, now *your Book* comes forth,
Who (I am ſure) will prize it as 'tis worth,
Who know it fully fraught with *Staple Ware*,
Such as the *Works* of the great *Cowly* are,
And 'mongſt our rareſt Engliſh *Poems*, Thine
Next unto *His*, immortally ſhall ſhine.

RICH. NEWCOURT.

TO

To my Worthy Friend

Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN*,

Upon the Publiſhing of his

POEMS.

RUde, and unpoliſh'd as my lines can be,
I muſt ſtart forth into the world with Thee
That which, yet *Private*, did my wonder raiſe,
Now 'tis made *Publiqu'* challenges my praiſe:
Such miracles thy charming Verſe can do,
Where e're it goes, It draw's me with it too.
This is a kind of *Birthday* to thy *Muſe!*
Tranſported with delight I cannot chuſe
But bid Her *Welcome to the Light*, and tell,
How much I value what is writ ſo well;
Tho' Thou reap'ſt no advantage by my Rhime,
More than a Taper helps the Day to ſhine.

Thus

Thus in *dull Pomp* does th' *empty Coach* attend
To pay reſpect to ſome *departed* Friend!
The difference of Regard in this does lie,
That Honours *Duſt*, *Mine that* which cannot *Die*:
For what can blaſt the labours of thy Pen,
While Wit and Vertue are allow'd by men?
Thou entertain'ſt the World with ſuch a Feaſt,
So cleanly and ſo elegantly dreſt,
So ſtor'd with laudable varieties
As may a modeſt Appetite ſuffice;
Whoever is thy Gueſt is ſure to find
Something or other that may pleaſe his mind.
Sometimes in *pious flames* thy *Muſe* aſpires
Her boſom warm'd with ſupernat'ral fires;
In noble flights with *Pindar*, ſoars above;
Dallies ſometimes with *not-indecent Love*,
Thence down into the *Grave* does humbly creep,
And renders *Death* deſirable as *Sleep*.
The *Debonair*, the *Melancholy* here
Find matter for their Mirth, eaſe for their Care.

Since

Since such Provision's made for all that come,
He must be *squeamish* that goes *Empty* home;
If *these Refections* cannot do him good,
'Tis 'cause his *Stomach*'s *vicious*, not the *Food*.

FRANCIS KNOLLYS Esq

TO

TO THE

AUTHOR

On his excellent

POEMS.

I.

STrange Magick of thy wit, and ſtyle,
Which to their griefs mankind can reconcile!
Whilſt thy *Philander*'s tuneful voice we hear
Condoling our diſaſtrous ſtate,
Touch't with a ſenſe of our hard fate,
We ſigh perhaps, or drop a tear,
But he the mournful Song ſo ſweetly ſings,
That more of Pleaſure than Regret it brings.
With ſuch *becoming grief*
The *Trojan* Chief
Troy's Conflagration did relate,

Whilſt ev'n the *ſuff'rers* in the Fire drew near
And with a greedy ear
Devour'd the ſtory of their own ſubverted ſtate.

II.

Kind Heav'n (as to her *darling* Son) to Thee
A double Portion did impart,
A gift of Painting and of Poeſie:
But for thy Rivals in the Painters Art,
If well they *Repreſent*, they can effect
No more, nor can we more expect.
But more than this *Thy* happy Pencils give;
Thy draughts are more than Repreſentative,
For, if we'l credit our own eyes, they *Live!*
Ah! worthy Friend cou'dſt thou maintain the State
Of what with ſo much eaſe thou doſt Create,
We might reflect on Death with Scorn!
But Pictures like th' Originals decay!
Of Colours thoſe conſiſt, and theſe of Clay;
Alike compos'd of *Duſt*, to *Duſt* alike return!

III. Yet

III.

Yet 'tis our Happineſs to ſee
Oblivion, Death, and adverſe Deſtiny
Encountred, Vanquiſh'd, and Diſarm'd by thee.
For if thy Pencils fail,
Change thy *Artillery*
And Thou'rt ſecure of Victory,
Employ thy *Quill* and thou ſhalt ſtill prevail.
The Grand Deſtroyer, greedy Time, reveres
Thy *Fancy*'s *Imag'ry*, and ſpares
The meaneſt thing that bears
Th' Impreſſion of thy Pen;
Tho' coarſe and cheap their natural *metal* were,
Stampt with thy *verſe* he knows th' are ſacred then'
He knows them by that *Character* to be
Predeſtinate and *ſet apart* for *Immortality*.

IV.

If native Luſtre in thy Theams appear,
Improv'd by thee it ſhines more clear:

Or if thy Subject's void of native Light,
Thy Fancy need but dart a beam
To guild thy Theam,
And make the *rude maſs* beautiful and bright.
Thou vary'ſt oft thy Strains, but ſtill
Succeſs attends each ſtrain:
Thy verſe is always lofty as the Hill,
Or pleaſant as the Plain.
How well thy Muſe the *Paſtoral Song* improves!
Whoſe *Nymphs* and *Swains* are in their *Loves*
As innocent, and yet as kind as *Doves*.
But moſt She moves our Wonder and Delight,
When She performs her looſe *Pindariqu' flight*,
Oft to their outmoſt reach She will extend
Her towring Wings to ſoar on high,
And then by juſt degrees deſcend:
Oft in a ſwift ſtrait Courſe She glides,
Obliquely oft the air divides,
And oft with wanton play hangs hov'ring in th
(Sky

Whil

V.

Whilſt Senſe of duty into my artleſs Muſe
Th' ambition would infuſe
To mingle with thoſe *Nymphs* that Homage pay,
And wait on Thine in her *Triumphant way*,
Defect of merit checks her forward pride,
And makes her dread t'approach thy Chariot ſide;
For 'twere at leaſt a rude Indecency
(If not *Profane*) t'appear
At this *Solemnity*,
Crown'd with no *Lawrel* wreath (as others are)
But this we will preſume to do,
At *diſtance*, to attend the *ſhow*,
Officious to gather up
The *Scatter'd Bayes*, if any drop
From others *Temples*, and with thoſe
A plain *Plebeian Coronet* compoſe.
This, as your *Livery*, ſhe'd wear, to hide
Her *Nakedneſs*, not gratifie her *Pride!*

Such was the *Verdant dreſs*
Which the *Offending Pair* did frame
Of *platted Leaves*, not to expreſs
Their *Pride* i'th' *Novel-Garb*, but to *conceal* their
(*ſhame*.

N. TATE

To

To my dear Friend

Mr. *THOMAS FLATMAN,*

Upon the Publication of his

POEMS.

Pindariq' Ode.

I.

WIthin the haunted thicket, where
The feather'd *Choriſters* are met to play;
And celebrate with voices clear,
And Accents ſweet, the praiſe of *May:*
The *Ouzel, Thruſh*, and ſpeckled *Lark,*
And *Philomel*, that loves the *dawn* and *dark:*
Theſe (*the inſpired throng*)
In *numbers ſmooth*, and *ſtrong*
Adorn their *noble Theme* with an immortal *Song.*

While Woods, and Vaults, the Brook and neigh-
(bouring Hill,
Repeat the varied close, and the melodious *Trill.*

II.

Here feast your *Ears,* but let their *Eye*
Wander, and see one of the lesser fry
Under a leaf, or on a dancing twig,
Ruffle his *painted feathers,* and *look big,*
Pirk up his tail, and hop between
The boughs ; *by moving, only to be seen,*
Perhaps his *troubled breast* he *prunes,*
As he doth *meditate* his *tunes:*
At last (*compos'd*) his little head he rears,
Towards (what he strives to imitate (the
And chirping then begins his best, (*Spheres*;
Falls on to *Pipe among the rest*;
Deeming that *all's not worth a rush,*
Without *his Whistle from the bush.*

III. Th' *har-*

III.

Th' *harmonious ſound* did reach my ear,
That *eccho'd Thy* clear *Name*,
Which all muſt know, who e're did hear,
Of *Cowley* or *Orinda*'s fame;
I heard the *Genius*, with ſurprizing Grace,
Would viſit us with his fair off-ſpring, gay
As is the morning ſpring in *May*;
But fairer much, and of *immortal race*.

IV.

Delighted greatly, as I *liſtning* ſtood,
The *ſound* came from each corner of the *wood*;
It both the *Shrubs*, and *Cedars* ſhak'd,
And *my* drowſie *Muſe* awak'd;
Strange that the *ſound* ſhould be ſo ſhrill,
That had its *paſſage* through a *Quill*.
Then I reſolv'd *Thy* praiſes to rehearſe,
The wonders of *Thy Pen*, among the *Croud*
Of thy *learn'd Friends* that *ſing ſo loud*:
But 'twas not to be *ſung*, or reach'd in *verſe*.

By

By *my weak notes*, ſcarce to be *heard*,
Or if they could, *not worth regard*;
Deſiſting therefore I muſt only ſend
My very kind *well wiſhes* to my *Friend*.

Octav. Pulleyn.

THE

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POEMS.

POEMS.

On the DEATH of the RIGHT HONOURABLE THOMAS EARL of OSSORY.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

NO more!—Alas that bitter word, *No more!*
The Great, the Juſt, the Generous, the Kind,
The univerſal Darling of Mankind,
The Noble OSSORY is now *No more!*

The Mighty Man is fall'n——
From Glory's lofty Pinacle,
Meanly like one of Us, He fell,
Not in the hot purſuit of Victory,
As Gallant Men would chuſe to die;
But tamely, like a poor Plebeian, from his Bed
To the dark Grave a Captive led;
Emaſculating Sighs, and Groans around,
His Friends in Flouds of Sorrow drown'd;
His awful Truncheon, and bright Arms laid by,
He bow'd his glorious Head to Deſtiny.

II.

Celeſtial Powers! how unconcern'd you are!
No black Eclipſe, or Blazing-Star
Preſag'd the Death of this Illuſtrious Man,
No Deluge, no, nor Hurricane;
In her old wonted courſe Nature went on,
As if ſome common thing were done,

One

One single Victim to Deaths Altar's come,
And not in OSSORY an whole Hecatombe.
Yet, when the Founder of Old *Rome* expir'd,
When the *Pellëan* Youth resign'd his Breath,
And when the great *Dictator* stoop'd to Death,
Nature and all her Faculties retir'd:
Amaz'd she started when amaz'd she saw
The breaches of her ancient Fundamental Law,
Which kept the World in aw:
For men less brave than *Him*, her very heart did
The labouring Earth did quake, ake,
And Trees their fixt Foundations did forsake;
Nature in some prodigious way
Gave notice of their fatal Day:
Those lesser Griefs with pain she thus expresst,
This did confound, and overwhelm her Breast.

III.

Shrink ye *Crown'd Heads*, that think your ſelves (ſecure,
And from your mouldring Thrones look (down,
Your greatneſs cannot long endure,
The *King of Terrors* claims you for his own;
You are but Tributaries to his dreadful Crown:
Renown'd, Serene, Imperial, moſt Auguſt,
Are only high and mighty Epithets for Duſt.
In vain, in vain ſo high
Our tow'ring expectations flie,
While th' Bloſſoms of our hopes, ſo freſh, ſo gay,
Appear, and promiſe Fruit, then fade away.
From valiant OSSORY's ever Loyal Hands,
What did we not believe!
We dream'd of yet unconquer'd Lands
He to his *Prince* could give,
And neighbouring Crowns retrieve:

Expected

Expected that he would in Triumph come
Laden with Spoils, and *Affrick* Banners home,
As if an *Hero*'s years
Were as unbounded as our fond Desires.

IV.

Lament, Lament, you that dare *Honour* love,
And court her at a Noble rate
(Your Prowess to approve,)
That dare religiously upon *Her* wait,
And blush not to grow Good, when you grow (Great,
Such Mourners suit *His* Vertue, such *His* State.
And you, brave Souls, who for your Countrie's good
Did wond'rous things in Fields, and Seas of (Bloud,
Lament th' undaunted Chief that led you on;
Whose exemplary Courage could inspire
The most degenerate Heart, with Martial-English (Fire.

Your bleeding wounds who ſhall hereafter dreſs
With an indulgent tenderneſs;
Touch'd with a melting Sympathy,
Who ſhall your Wants ſupply?
Since He, your good *Samaritan* is gone.
O Charity! thou richeſt Boon of Heaven,
To Man, in pity given!
(For when well-meaning Mortals give,
The Poor's, and their own Bowels they relieve;)
Thou mak'ſt us with alacrity to die,
Miſs'd and bewail'd like Thee, large-hearted *ORSORT.*

V.

Ariſe, ye bleſt Inhabitants above,
From your Immortal Seats ariſe,
And on our Wonder, on our Love
Gaze with aſtoniſh'd Eyes.
Ariſe! Ariſe! make room,
Th' exalted *Shade* is come.

See

See where He comes! what Princely Port He bears!
How God-like He appears!
His ſhining Temples round
With Wreaths of everlaſting Laurels bound!
As from the bloudy Field of *Mons* He came,
Where He out-fought th' Hyperboles of Fame.
See how the *Guardian-Angel* of our Iſle
Receives the Deifi'd Champion with a Smile!
Welcome, the *Guardian-Angel* ſays,
Full of Songs of Joy, and Praiſe,
Welcome Thou art to me,
And to theſe Regions of Serenity!
Welcome, the Winged Choir reſounds,
While with loud *Euge*'s all the Sacred place abounds.

To the Memory of the Incomparable

ORINDA.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

A Long Adieu to all that's bright,
Noble or brave in Woman-kind;
To all the Wonders of their Wit,
And Trophies of their Mind:
The glowing heat of th' holy fire is gone:
To th' Altar, whence 'twas kindled, flown;
There's nought on earth, but Ashes left behind;
E'r since th' amazing sound was spread,
Orinda's dead;
Every soft and fragrant word,
All that Language could afford;

Every

Every high and lofty thing
That's wont to ſet the Soul on wing,
No longer with this worthleſs world would ſtay.
Thus, when the death of the great *Pan* was told,
Along the ſhore the diſmal tidings roll'd;
The leſſer Gods their Fanes forſook,
Confounded with the mighty ſtroke,
They could not overlive that fatal day,
But ſigh'd and groan'd their gaſping *Oracles* away.

II.

How rigid are the Laws of Fate!
And how ſevere that black Decree!
No ſublunary thing is free,
But all muſt enter th' *Adamantine* Gate:
Sooner, or later muſt we come
To Nature's dark retiring Room:
And yet 'tis pity, Is it not?

The Learned, as the Fool should die,
One, full as low, as t'other lie,
Together blended in the general lot!
Distinguish'd only from the common Croud
By an *hindg'd Coffin* or an *Holland Shroud*,
Though Fame and Honour speak them ne'r so loud.
Alas *Orinda!* even Thou,
Whose happy Verse made others live,
And certain Immortality could give;
Blasted are all thy blooming Glories now,
The Laurel withers o're thy brow:
Methinks it should disturb Thee to conceive
That when poor I, this artless breath resign,
My dust should have as much of Poetry as Thine!

III.

Too soon we languish with desire
Of what we never could enough admire.
On th' billows of this World sometimes we rise

So

So dangerously high,
We are to Heaven too nigh:
When all in rage,
(Grown hoary with one minute's age,)
The very self-same fickle wave,
Which the entrancing Prospect gave,
Swoln to a Mountain, sinks into a Grave.
Too happy Mortals, if the Powers above
As merciful would be,
And easie to preserve the thing we love,
As in the giving they are free!
But they too oft delude our wearied eyes,
They fix a *flaming Sword* 'twixt us and *Paradise!*
A weeping evening blur's a smiling day,
Yet why should heads of Gold have feet of clay?
Why should the man that wav'd th' *Almighty wand*,
That led the murmuring Croud
By *Pillar* and by *Cloud*,
Shivering a-top of Aery *Pisgah* stand
Only to see, but never, never tread the *Promis'd Land*,

IV.

Throw your Swords and Gauntlets by,
You daring Sons of War!
You cannot purchaſe e'r you die
One honourable Scar,
Since that fair hand that guilded all your Bayes;
That in Heroick numbers wrote your praiſe,
That you might ſafely ſleep in Honours Bed,
It ſelf, alas! is wither'd, cold, and dead:
Cold and dead are all thoſe charms
That burniſh'd your victorious arms;
Thoſe uſeleſs things hereafter muſt
Bluſh firſt in Bloud, and then in Ruſt:
No oil, but that of her ſmooth words can ſerve
Weapon and Warriour to preſerve.
Expect no more from this dull Age
But folly, or Poetick rage,
Short-liv'd nothings of the Stage,

Vented

Vented to day, and cry'd to morrow down;
With her the Soul of Poeſie is gone,
Gone, while our expectations flew
As high a pitch, as ſhe has done,
Exhal'd to Heaven like early dew,
Betimes the little ſhining drops are flown,
E're th' drowſie world perceiv'd that *Manna* was (come down.

V.

You of the *Sex* that would be fair,
Exceeding lovely, hither come,
Would you be pure as Angels are,
Come dreſs you by *Orinda*'s Tomb,
And leave your flattering Glaſs at home.
Within that Marble Mirror ſee,
How one day ſuch as ſhe
You muſt, and yet alas! can never be!
Think on the heights of that vaſt Soul,
And then admire, and then condole.

Think

Think on the wonders of her generous Pen,
'Twas she made *Pompey* truly *Great*;
Neither the purchase of his sweat
Nor yet *Cornelia*'s kindness made him live again:
With envy think, when to the grave you go,
How very little must be said of you,
Since all that can be said of vertuous Woman was (her due.

The Review.

Pindarique Ode to the Reverend
Dr. *WILLIAM SANCROFT*,
now Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Stanza I.

WHen first I stept into th' alluring Maze
To tread this world's mysterious ways,
Alas! I had nor guide, nor clue,
No *Ariadne* lent her hand,
Not one of *Vertue*'s Guards did bid me stand,
Or

Or ask'd me what I meant to do,
Or whither I would go:
This Labyrinth ſo pleaſant did appear,
I loſt my ſelf with much content,
Infinite hazards underwent,
Out-ſtraggled *Homer*'s craſty *Wanderer*,
And ten years more than he, in fruitleſs Travels ſpent;
The one half of my life is gone,
The ſhadow the *Meridian* paſt;
Death's diſmal Evening drawing on,
Which muſt with damps and miſts be over-caſt,
An Evening, that will ſurely come,
'Tis time, high time to give my ſelf the welcome home.

II.

Had I but heartily believ'd,
That all the *Royal Preacher* ſaid, was true,

When

When first I entred on the Stage,
And Vanity so hotly did pursue;
Convinc'd by his experience, not my age;
I had my self long since retriev'd,
I should have let the Curtain down,
Before the Fool's part had begun:
But I throughout the tedious Play have been
Concern'd in every busie Scene;
Too too inquisitive I try'd
Now this, anon another Face,
And then a third, more odd, took place,
Was every thing, but what I was.
Such was my *Protean* folly, such my pride,
Befool'd through all the Trage-Comedy,
Where others met with hissing, to expect a *Plau-*
dite.

III.

III.

I had a mind the *Paſtoral* to prove,
Searching for happineſs in Love,
And finding *Venus* painted with a Dove,
A little naked Boy hard by,
The Dove, which had no gall,
The Boy no dangerous Arms at all;
They do thee wrong (great Love) ſaid I;
Much wrong, great Love! —— ſcarce had I (ſpoke
'Ere into my unwary boſom came
An inextinguiſhable flame:
From fair *Amira*'s eyes the lightning broke,
That left me more than Thunder ſtrook;
She carries tempeſt in that lovely name:
Love's mighty and tumultuous pain
Diſorder's Nature like an Hurricane.
Yet could n't I believe ſuch ſtorms could be,
When I launch'd forth to Sea;

Promis'd my ſelf a calm, and eaſie way,
Though I had ſeen before,
Piteous ruines on the ſhore,
And on the naked Beach *Leander* breathleſs lay.

IV.

To extricate my ſelf from Love
Which I could ill obey, but worſe command,
I took my Pencils in my hand,
With that Artillery for Conqueſt ſtrove,
Like wiſe *Pygmalion* then did I
My ſelf deſign my Deity;
Made my own Saint, made my own Shrine:
If ſhe did frown, one daſh could make her ſmile,
All bickerings one eaſie ſtroak could reconcile,
Plato feign'd no *Idea* ſo divine:
Thus did I quiet many a froward day,
While in my eyes my Soul did play,
Thus did the time, and thus my ſelf beguile;

Till on a day, but then I knew not why,
A tear faln from my eye,
Wash'd out my Saint, my Shrine, my Deity:
Prophetique chance; the lines are gone,
And I must mourn o're what I doted on:
I find even *Giotto's Circle* has not all perfection.

V.

To Poetry I then inclin'd;
Verse that emancipates the mind;
Verse that unbends the Soul;
That Amulet of sickly fame,
Verse that from *wind* articulates a *Name*;
Verse for both Fortunes fit, to smile and to condole.
'Ere I had long the Trial made,
A serious thought made me afraid:
For I had heard *Parnassus* sacred Hill,
Was so prodigiously high,
It's barren Top so near the skie;

Thd *Æther* there
So very pure, so subtil, and so rare,
'Twould a *Chamæleon* kill,
The Beast that is all Lungs, and feeds on Air:
Poëts the higher up that Hill they go,
Like Pilgrims, share the less of what's below:
Hence 'tis they ever go repining on,
And murmure more than their own *Helicon*.
I heard them curse their Stars in ponderous Rhimes
And in grave numbers grumble at the times;
Yet where th' Illustrious *Cowley* led the way,
I thought it great discretion there to go astray.

VI.

From liberal Arts to the litigious Law,
Obedience, not Ambition, did me draw;
I look'd at awful Quoif, and Scarlet Gown
Through others Opticks, not my own:

Unty

Unty the *Gordian Knot* that will,
I see no Rhetorick at all
In them that learnedly can brawl,
And fill with mercenary breath the spacious Hall;
Let me be peaceable, let me be still.
The solitary *Tisbite* heard the wind,
With strength and violence combin'd,
That rent the Mountains, and did make
The solid Earth's Foundations shake,
He saw the dreadful fire, and heard the horrid noise,
But found what he expected in the *small still voice.*

VII.

Nor here did my unbridled fancy rest,
But I must try
A pitch more high,
To read the starry Language of the East;
And with *Chaldean* Curiosity
Presum'd to solve the Riddles of the Skie;

Impatient till I knew my doom,
Dejected till the good *direction* come,
I rip'd up Fate's forbidden Womb,
Nor would I ſtay till it brought forth
An eaſie and a natural birth,
But was ſolicitous to know
The yet miſhapen *Embrio*,
(Prepoſterous crime!)
Without the formal Midwifry of time:
Fond man! as if too little grief were given
On Earth, draws down inquietudes from Heaven!
Permits himſelf with fear to be unmann'd,
Belſhazzar-like, grows wan and pale,
His very heart begins to fail,
Is frighted at that Writing of the hand,
Which yet nor he, nor all his learn'd *Magicians*
(underſtand,

VIII. And

VIII.

And now at laſt what's the reſult of all?
Should the ſtrict *Audit* come,
And for th' Account too early call;
A num'rous heap of Ciphers, would be found the total Sum.
When incompaſſionate Age ſhall plow
The delicate *Amira*'s brow,
And draw his furrows deep and long,
What hardy Youth is he
Will after that a Reaper be,
Or ſing the Harveſt Song?
And what is Verſe, but an effeminate vent
Either of Luſt or Diſcontent?
Colours will *ſtarve*, and all their Glories die,
Invented only to deceive the eye;
And he that wily Law does love,
Much more of *Serpent* has than *Dove*,

There's nothing in *Aſtrology*,
But *Delphick* ambiguity;
We are miſguided in the Dark, and thus
Each Star becomes an *Ignis fatuus*:
Yet pardon me ye glorious Lamps of light,
'Twas one of you that led the way,
Diſpell'd the gloomy night,
Became a *Phoſphor* to th' Eternal day,
And ſhew'd the *Magi* where the *Almighty Infant* lay.

IX.

At length the doubtful Victo y's won,
It was a cunning Ambuſcade
The World for my felicities had laid;
Yet now at length the day's our own,
Now Conquerour-like let us new Laws ſet down.
Henceforth let all our Love *Seraphick* turn,
The ſprightly and the vigorous flame
On th' Altar let it ever burn,
And ſacrifice its ancient name:

A Tablet on my heart, next I'le prepare
Where I would draw the Holy Sepulchre,
Behind it a ſoft Landskip I would lay
Of melancholy *Golgotha!*
On th' Altar let me all my ſpoils lay down,
And if I had one, there I'de hang my Laurel Crown.
Give me the *Pandects* of the Law Divine,
Such was the Law made *Moſes* face to ſhine.
Thus beyond *Saturn's* heavy *Orb* I'le towre,
And laugh at his malicious power:
Raptur'd in Contemplation thus I'le go
Above unactive Earth, and leave the Stars below.

X.

Toſt on the wings of every wind,
After theſe hoverings to and fro;
(And ſtill the waters higher grow)
Not knowing where a reſting place to find,

Whither

Whither for Sanctuary ſhould I go
But (Reverend Sir) to you?
You that have triumph'd o're th' impetuous flood,
That *Noah*-like, in bad times durſt be good,
And the ſtiff Torrent manfully withſtood,
Can ſave me too;
One that have long in fear of drowing bin,
Surrounded by the rolling waves of ſin;
Do you but reach out a propitious hand
And charitably take me in,
I will not yet deſpair to ſee dry land.
'Tis done; — and I no longer fluctuate,
I've made the Church my *Ark*, and *Sions* Hill my
(*Ararat*.

To my Reverend Friend,

Dr. SAM. WOODFORD,

On his Excellent Verſion of the

PSALMS.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

SEe (worthy Friend) what I would do;
(Whom neither Muſe nor Art inſpire)
That have no Friend in all the ſacred Quire,
To ſhew my kindneſs for your Book, and you,
Forc'd to diſparage, what I would admire;
Bold man, that dares attempt *Pindarique* now,
Since the great *Pindar*'s greateſt Son
From the ingrateful Age is gone,
Cowley has bid th' ingrateful Age adieu;

Apollo s

Apollo's rare *Columbus*, he
Found out new worlds of Poeſie:
He, like an Eagle, ſoar'd aloft,
To ſeize his noble Prey;
Yet as a Dove's, his Soul was ſoft,
Quiet as Night, but bright as Day:
To Heaven in a fiery Chariot he
Aſcended by *Seraphique* Poëtry;
Yet which of us dull Mortals ſince can find
Any inſpiring Mantle, that He left behind?

II.

His powerful numbers might have done you right;
He could have ſpar'd you immortality,
Under that Chieftain's Banners you might fight
Aſſur'd of Laurels, and of Victory
Over devouring Time, and Sword, and Fire,
And *Jove*'s important Ire:

My

My humble Verſe would better ſing
David the *Shepherd*, than the *King*:
And yet methinks 'tis ſtately to be one
(Though of the meaner ſort,)
Of them that may approach a Princes Throne,
If 'twere but to be ſeen at Court.
Such (Sir) is my ambition for a Name,
Which I ſhall rather take from you, than give,
For in your Book I cannot miſs of Fame,
But by contact ſhall live.
Thus on your Chariot Wheel ſhall I
Ride ſafe, and look as big as *Æſop*'s Fly,
Who from th' *Olympian* Race new come,
And now triumphantly flown home,
To's neighbours of the ſwarm, thus, proudly ſaid,
Don't you remember what a duſt I made!

III.

Where e're the Son of *Jeſſe*'s Harp ſhall ſound,
Or *Iſrael*'s ſweeteſt Songs be ſung,
(Like *Sampſon*'s Lion ſweet and ſtrong)
You and your happy Muſe ſhall be renown'd,
To whoſe kind hand the Son of *Jeſſe* owes
His laſt deliverance from all his Foes.
Bloud thirſty *Saul* leſs barbarous than they,
His perſon only ſought to kill;
Theſe would his deathleſs Poëms ſlay,
And ſought immortal bloud to ſpill.
To ſing whoſe Songs in *Babylon* would be
A new Captivity:
Depoſed by theſe Rebels, you alone
Reſtor'd the Glorious *David* to his Throne.
Long in diſguiſe the Royal Prophet lay,
Long from his own thoughts baniſhed,

Ne're since his death 'till this illustrious day
Was Scepter in his hand, or Crown plac'd on his (Head:
He seem'd as if at *Gath* he still had bin
As once before proud *Achish* he appear'd,
His Face besmear'd,
With spittle on his sacred Beard,
A laughing-stock to the insulting *Philistine*.
Dresst in their Rhimes, he look'd as he were mad,
In *Tissue* you, and *Tyrian Purple* have him clad.

On

On the Death of the truly valiant

GEORGE

Duke of

ALBEMARLE.

Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

NOw bluſh thy ſelf into confuſion,
Ridiculous Mortality!
With indignation to be trampled on
By them that court Eternity;
Whoſe Generous Deeds, and Proſperous State
Seem poorly ſet within the reach of Fate,
Whoſe every Trophy, and each Laurel wreath
Depends upon a little Breath;

Confin'd

Confin'd within the narrow bounds of Time,
And of uncertain Age,
With doubtful hazards they engage,
Thrown down, while victory bids them higher (climb;
Their Glories are eclips'd by Death.
Hard circumſtances of Illuſtrious Men
Whom Nature (like the *Scythian* Prince) detains
Within the Bodies chains.
(Nature, that rigorous *Tamberlain.*)
Stout *Bajazet* diſdain'd the barbarous rage
Of that inſulting Conquerour,
Bravely himſelf uſurp'd his own expiring power,
By daſhing out his Brains againſt his Iron Cage.

II.

But 'tis indecent to complain,
And wretched Mortals curſe their Stars in vain,
In vain they waſte their tears for them that die,
Themſelves involv'd in the ſame deſtiny,

No more with ſorrow let it then be ſaid
The glorious *Albemarle* is dead.
Let what is ſaid of Him triumphant be,
Words as gay, as is His Fame,
And as manly as his Name,
Words as ample as his Praiſe,
And as verdant as his Bays,
An *Epinicion*, not an Elegy.
Yet why ſhould'ſt thou, ambitious Muſe, believe
Thy gloomy Verſe can any ſplendors give,
Or make him one ſmall Moment longer live?
Nothing but what is vulgar thou canſt ſay;
Or misbecoming numbers ſing;
What Tribute to his memory canſt thou pay,
Whoſe Vertue ſav'd a Crown, and could oblige a
(King?

III. Many

III.

Many a year diſtreſſed *Albion* lay
By her unnatural Off-ſpring torn,
Once the Worlds terrour, then its ſcorn,
At home a Priſon, and abroad a Prey:
Her valiant Youth, her valiant Youth did kill,
And mutual bloud did ſpill;
Uſurpers then, and many a Muſhroom Peer
Within her Palaces did domineer;
There did the Vulture build his Neſt,
There the Owls, and Satyrs reſt,
By *Zim* and *Ohim* all poſſeſt;
Till *England*'s Angel Guardian, Thou,
With pity, and with anger mov'd
For *Albion* thy belov'd,
(Olive-Chaplets on thy brow)
With bloudleſs hands upheld'ſt her drooping head,
And with thy Trumpets call'ſt her from the dead.

Bright *Phoſphor* to the riſing Sun!
That Royal Lamp, by Thee did firſt appear
Uſher'd into our happy Hemiſphere;
O may it ſtill ſhine bright and clear!
No Cloud, nor Night approach it, but a conſtant
(Noon!

IV.

Nor thus did thy undaunted Valour ceaſe,
Or wither with unactive peace:
Scarce were our Civil broils allay'd,
While yet the wound of an inteſtine War
Had left a tender Scar,
When of our new Proſperities afraid,
Our jealous Neighbours fatal Arms prepare;
In floating Groves the Enemy drew near.
Loud did the *Belgian Lion* roar,
Upon our Coaſts th' *Armada* did appear,
And boldly durſt attempt our Native Shore,

Till his victorious Squadrons check'd their pride,
And did in Triumph o're the Ocean ride.
With thunder, lightning, and with clouds of ſmoke
He did their Inſolence reſtrain,
And gave his dreadful Law to all the Main,
Whoſe ſurly Billows trembled when he ſpoke,
And put their willing necks under his Yoke.
This the ſtupendious Vanquiſher has done,
Whoſe high Prerogative it was alone
To raiſe a ruin'd, and ſecure an envy'd Throne.

V.

Then angry Heav'n began to frown,
From Heav'n a dreadful Peſtilence came down,
On every ſide did Lamentations riſe;
Baleful ſigh, and heavy groan,
All was plaint, and all was moan!
The pious Friend with trembling love,
Scarce had his lateſt kindneſs done,

In ſealing up his dead Friends eyes,
E're with his own ſurprizing Fate he ſtrove,
And wanted one to cloſe his own.
Death's Iron Scepter bore the ſway
O're our Imperial *Golgotha*;
Yet he with kind, though unconcerned eyes,
Durſt ſtay and ſee thoſe numerous Tragedies.
He in the field had ſeen Death's grieſly ſhape,
Heard him in Volleys talk aloud,
Beheld his Grandeur in a glittering Croud,
And unamaz'd ſeen him in Cannons gape:
Ever unterrified his Valour ſtood
Like ſome tall Rock amidſt a Sea of Bloud:
'Twas Loyalty from Sword and Peſt kept him alive,
The ſafeſt Armour, and the beſt Preſervative.

VI.

The flaming City next implor'd his Aid,
And ſeaſonably pray'd
His force againſt the Fire, whoſe Arms the Seas (obey'd;
Wide did th' impetuous torrent ſpread,
Then thoſe goodly Fabricks fell,
Temples themſelves promiſcuouſly there
Drop'd down, and in the common ruine buried were,
The City turned into one *Mongibel:*
The haughty Tyrant ſhook his curled head,
His breath with vengeance black, his face with fury
Then every cheek grew wan and pale (red.
Every heart did yield and fail:
Nought but thy Preſence could its Power ſuppreſs,
Whoſe ſtronger light put out the leſs.
As *London*'s noble Structures riſe,
Together ſhall His Memory grow,
To whom that beautious Town ſo much does owe.

London! joynt Favourite with Him Thou wer't;
As both poſſeſs'd a room within one heart,
So now with thine indulgent Sovereign joyn,
Reſpect his great Friends aſhes, for He wept o're
(Thine.

VII.

Thus did the *Duke* perform his mighty Stage,
Thus did that *Atlas* of our State,
With his Prodigious Acts amaze the Age,
While Worlds of wonders on his ſhoulders ſate;
Full of Glories, and of Years,
He trod his ſhining, and immortal way,
Whilſt *Albion* compaſs'd with new flouds of tears
Beſought his longer ſtay.
Prophane that Pen, that dares deſcribe thy bliſs,
Or write thine *Apotheoſis!*
Whom Heaven and thy Prince to pleaſure prove,
Entruſted with their Armies and their Love.

In

In other Courts 'tis dangerous to deſerve,
Thou didſt a kind and grateful Maſter ſerve,
Who, to expreſs his Gatitude to Thee,
Scorn'd thoſe ill-natur'd arts of Policy.
Happy had *Belliſarius* bin
(Whoſe forward fortune was his ſin)
By many Victories undone,
He had not liv'd neglected, dy'd obſcure,
If for thy Prince thoſe Battels he had won,
Thy Prince, magnificent above his Emperour.

VIII.

Among the Gods, thoſe Gods that dy'd like Thee,
As great as theirs, and full of Majeſty
Thy ſacred Duſt ſhall ſleep ſecure,
Thy Monument as long as theirs endure:
There, free from Envy, Thou with them,
Shalt have thy ſhare of Diadem;

Among their Badges ſhall be ſet
Thy Garter and thy Coronet;
Or (which is ſtatelier) thou ſhalt have
A *Mauſolæum* in thy Prince's breaſt,
There thine embalmed name ſhall reſt,
That Sanctuary ſhall thee ſave,
From the diſhonours of a Regal Grave:
And every wondrous Hiſtory,
Read by incredulous Poſterity,
That writes of *him*, ſhall honourably mention *thee*
Who by an humble Loyalty haſt ſhown,
How much ſublimer gallantry, and renown
'Tis to *reſtore*, than to *uſurp* a *Monarch's Crown*.

The Retirement.

Pindarique Ode made in the time of the Great Sickneſs, 1665.

Stanza I.

IN the mild cloſe of an hot Summers day,
When a cool Breeze had fann'd the Air,
And Heaven's face look'd ſmooth and fair;
Lovely as ſleeping Infants be,
That in their ſlumber ſmiling lie
Dandled on their Mothers Knee,
You hear no cry,
No harſh, nor inharmonious voice,
But all is innocence without a noiſe:
When every ſweet, which the Sun's greedy Ray
So lately from us drew,
Began to trickle down again in dew;

Weary

Weary, and faint, and full of thought,
Though for what cauſe I knew not well,
What I ail'd, I could not tell,
I ſate me down at an ag'd Poplar's root,
Whoſe chiding leaves excepted and my breaſt,
All the impertinently buſi'd wolrd inclin'd to reſt.

II.

I liſt'ned heedfully around,
But not a whiſper there was found.
The murmuring Brook hard by,
As heavy, and as dull as I,
Seem'd drowſily along to creep;
It ran with undiſcovered pace,
And if a Pebble ſtop'd the lazy race,
'Twas but as if it ſtarted in its ſleep.
Echo her ſelf, that ever lent an ear
To any piteous moan,
Wont to groan with them that groan,
Echo her ſelf was ſpeechleſs here.

Thrice

Thrice did I ſigh, Thrice miſerably cry,
Ai me! the *Nymph* ai me! would not reply,
Or churliſh, or ſhe was aſleep for company.

III.

There did I ſit and ſadly call to mind
Far and near, all I could find,
All the Pleaſures, all the Cares,
The Jealouſies, the Fears,
All the incertainties of thirty years,
From that moſt inauſpicious hour
Which gave me breath;
To that in which the fair *Amira*'s power
Firſt made me wiſh for Death:
And yet *Amira*'s not unkind;
She never gave me angry word,
Never my mean addreſs abhorr'd;
Beauteous her face, beauteous her mind:

Yet

Yet ſomething dreadful in her eyes I ſaw
Which ever kept my faultring tongue in aw,
And gave my panting Soul a Law.
So have I ſeen a modeſt Beggar ſtand,
Worn out with age, and being oft deny'd,
On his heart he lay'd his hand;
And though he look'd as if he would have dy'd
The needy Wretch no Alms did crave:
He durſt not ask for what he fear'd he ſhould not (have.

IV.

I thought on every penſive thing,
That might my paſſion ſtrongly move,
That might the ſweeteſt ſadneſs bring;
Oft did I think on Death, and oft of Love,
The triumphs of the *little God*, and that ſame *gaſtly* (*King*
The gaſtly King, what has he done?
How his pale Territories ſpread!

Still

Strait ſcantlings now of conſecrated ground
His ſwelling Empire cannot bound,
But every day new *Colonies* of dead
Enhance his Conqueſts, and advance his Throne.
The mighty *City* ſav'd from ſtorms of War,
Exempted from the Crimſon Floud,
When all the Land o're-flow'd with bloud,
Stoop's yet once more to a new Conquerour:
The *City* which ſo many Rival bred,
Sackeloath is on her loyns, and aſhes on her head.

V.

When will the frowning Heav'n begin to ſmile?
Thoſe pitchy clouds be overblown,
That hide the mighty Town,
That I may ſee the mighty Pyle!
When will the angry Angel ceaſe to ſlay;
And turn his brandiſh'd Sword away

From

From that illuſtrious *Golgotha*,
London, the great *Aceldama!*
When will that ſtately *Landſcape* open lie,
The miſt withdrawn that intercepts my eye!
That heap of *Pyramids* appear,
Which now, too much like thoſe of *Egypt* are:
Eternal Monuments of Pride and Sin,
Magnificent and tall without, but dead mens bones
(within.

Tranſlated out of a Part of

Petronius Arbiter's Satyricon.

I.

AFter a bluſtring tedious night,
The winds now huſh'd and the black tempeſt o're,
Which th' crazy veſſel miſerably tore,
Behold a lamentable ſight!

Rolling

Rolling far off, upon a briny wave,
Compaſſionate *Philander* ſpy'd
A floating Carcaſs ride,
That ſeem'd to beg the kindneſs of a Grave.

II.

Sad, and concern'd *Philander* then
Weigh'd with himſelf the frail, uncertain ſtate
Of ſilly, ſtrangely diſappointed men,
Whoſe projects are the ſport of Fate.
Perhaps (ſaid he) this poor man's deſolate Wife
In a ſtrange Country far away,
Expects ſome happy day,
This gaſtly thing, the comfort of her life;

III.

His Son it may be dreads no harm,
But kindly waits his Fathers coming home,

Himſelf ſecure, he apprehends no ſtorm,
But fancies that he ſees him come.
Perhaps the good old man, that kiſt this Son,
And left a bleſſing on his head,
His arms about him ſpread,
Hopes yet to ſee him e're his Glaſs be run.

IV.

Theſe are the Grand Intrigues of Man,
Theſe his huge thoughts, and theſe his vaſt deſires
Reſtleſs, and ſwelling like the Ocean
From his birth till he expires.
See where the naked, breathleſs body lies
To every puff of wind a ſlave,
At the beck of every Wave,
That once perhaps was fair, rich, ſtout, and wiſe!

V.

While thus *Philander* penſive ſaid,
Touch'd only with a pity for Mankind,
At nearer view, he thought he knew the Dead,
And call'd the wretched Man to mind:
Alas, ſaid he, art thou that angry Thing,
That with thy looks did'ſt threaten Death,
Plagues and Deſtruction breath,
But two days ſince, little beneath a King!

VI.

Ai me! where is thy fury now,
Thine inſolence, and all thy boundleſs power,
O moſt ridiculouſly dreadful thou!
Expos'd for Beaſts and Fiſhes to devour.
Go ſottiſh Mortals, let your Breaſts ſwell high,
All your Deſigns laid deep as Hell,
A ſmall miſchance can quell,
Out-witted by the deeper Plots of Deſtiny.

VII.

This haughty Lump a while before
Sooth'd up it ſelf, perhaps with hopes of Life,
What it would do, when it came ſafe on ſhore,
What for It's Son, what for It's Wife;
See where the Man, and all his Politicks lie.
Ye Gods! what Gulphs are ſet between,
What we have, and what we ween,
Whilſt lull'd in dreams of years to come, we die!

VIII.

Nor are we liable alone,
To miſadventures on the mercileſs Sea,
A thouſand other things our Fate bring on,
And Shipwrack'd every where we be.
One in the tumult of a Battel dies
Big with conceit of Victory,
And routing th' Enemy,
With Garlands deck'd, himſelf the Sacrifice.

IX. Another,

IX.

Another, while he pays his vows
On bended knees, and Heaven with tears invokes,
With adorations as he humbly bows,
While with Gums the Altar ſmoaks,
In th' preſence of his God, the Temple falls;
And thus religious in vain
The flatter'd Bigot ſlain,
Breaths out his laſt within the ſacred Walls.

X.

Another with Gay Trophies proud,
From his triumphant Chariot overthrown,
Makes paſtime for the Gazers of the Croud,
That envi'd him his purchas'd Crown.
Some with full meals, and ſparkling Bowls of Wine,
(As if it made too long delay)
Spur on their fatal Day,
Whilſt others, (needy Souls) at theirs repine.

XI.

Conſider well, and every place
Offers a ready Road to thy long home,
Sometimes with frowns, ſometimes with ſmiling face
Th' Embaſſadours of Death do come.
By open force or ſecret Ambuſcade,
By unintelligible ways,
We end our anxious days,
And ſtock the large Plantations of the Dead.

XII.

But (ſome may ſay) 'tis very hard
With them, whom heavy chance has caſt away,
With no ſolemnities at all interr'd,
To roam unburi'd on the Sea:
No——'tis all one where we receive our doom,
Since, ſomewhere, 'tis our certain lot.
Our Carcaſes muſt rot,
And they whom heaven covers need no Tomb.

A Thought of DEATH.

WHen on my ſick Bed I languiſh,
Full of ſorrow, full of anguiſh,
Fainting, gaſping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, ſpeechleſs, dying,
My Soul juſt now about to take her flight
Into the Regions of eternal night;
Oh tell me you,
That have been long below,
What ſhall I do!
What ſhall I think, when cruel Death appears,
That may extenuate my fears!
Methinks I hear ſome Gentle Spirit ſay,
Be not fearful, come away!
Think with thy ſelf that now thou ſhalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty;

Better thou mayſt, but worſe thou can'ſt not be
Than in this Vale of Tears, and Miſery.
Like *Cæſar*, with aſſurance then come on,
And unamaz'd attempt the Laurel Crown,
That lies on th'other ſide Death's *Rubicon*.

Pſalm XXXIX. *Verſ.* 4, 5.

VERSE IV.

LOrd let me know the Period of my Age,
The length of this my weary Pilgrimage,
How long this miſerable Life ſhall laſt,
This Life that ſtays ſo long, yet flies ſo faſt!

VERSE V.

Thou by a Span meaſur'ſt theſe days of mine,
Eternity's the ſpacious bound of Thine:

Who

Who ſhall compare his little Span with thee,
With Thine Incomprehenſibility.
Man born to trouble leaves this World with pain,
His beſt Eſtate is altogether vain.

Hymn for the Morning.

AWake my Soul! Awake mine eyes!
Awake my drowſie faculties;
Awake and ſee the new born Light
Spring from the darkſom womb of Night!
Look up and ſee th' unwearied Sun,
Already has his Race begun:
The pretty Lark is mounted high,
And ſings her Matins in the Sky.
Ariſe my Soul! and thou my voice
In Songs of Praiſe, early rejoyce!
O Great Creator! Heavenly King!
Thy Praiſes let me ever ſing!

Thy Power has made, thy Goodneſs kept
This fenceleſs Body while I ſlept,
Yet one day more haſt given me
From all the Powers of darkneſs free:
O keep my heart from Sin ſecure,
My life unblameable and pure,
That when the laſt of all my Days is come,
Chearful and fearleſs I may wait my Doom.

Anthem for the Evening.

SLeep! downy ſleep! come cloſe my eyes,
Tyr'd with beholding Vanities!
Sweet ſlumbers come and chaſe away
The toils and follies of the day:
On your ſoft boſom will I lie,
Forget the World, and learn to die.
O *Iſrael*'s watchful Shepherd ſpread
Tents of Angels round my Bed;

Let not the Spirits of the Air,
While I ſlumber, me enſnare;
But ſave thy Suppliant free from harms,
Claſp'd in thine everlaſting Arms.

Clouds and thick darkneſs is thy Throne,
Thy wonderful Pavilion:
Oh dart from thence a ſhining Ray,
And then my midnight ſhall be Day!
Thus when the morn in Crimſon dreſt,
Breaks through the Windows of the Eaſt,
My hymns of thankful Praiſes ſhall riſe
Like Incenſe or the morning Sacrifice.

DEATH.

SONG.

OH the ſad day,
When Friends ſhall ſhake their heads and ſay
Of miſerable me,

Hark

Hark how he groans, look how he pants for breath,
See how he ſtruggles with the pangs of Death!
When they ſhall ſay of theſe poor eyes,
How hollow, and how dim they be!
Mark how his Breaſt does ſwell and riſe,
Againſt his potent Enemy!
When ſome old Friend ſhall ſtep to my Bed-ſide,
Touch my chill face, and thence ſhall gently ſlide,
And when his next Companions ſay,
How does he do? what hopes? ſhall turn away,
Anſwering only with a liſt up hand,
Who can his Fate withſtand?
Then ſhall a gaſp or two do more
Than e're my Rhetorick could before,
Perſuade the peeviſh world to trouble me no more!

The Happy Man.

PEaceful is he, and moſt ſecure,
Whoſe heart, and actions all are pure;
How ſmooth and pleaſant is his way.
Whilſt Life's *Meander* ſlides away
If a fierce Thunderbolt do flie,
This Man can unconcerned lie;
Knows 'tis not levell'd at his head,
So neither noiſe, nor flaſh can dread:
Though a ſwift Whirlwind tear in ſunder
Heav'n above him, or Earth under;
Though the Rocks on Heaps do tumble,
Or the World to Aſhes crumble,
Though the ſtupendious Mountains from on high
Drop down, and in their humble Vallies lie;
Should the unruly Ocean roar,
And daſh its Foam againſt the Shore;

He

He finds no Tempeſt in his Mind,
Fears no Billow, feels no Wind:
All is ſerene, and quiet there,
There's not one blaſt of troubled Air,
Old Stars may fall, or new ones blaze,
Yet none of theſe his Soul amaze;
Such is the man can ſmile at irkſome death,
And with an eaſie ſigh give up his breath.

ON

Mr. JOHNSON'S

Several Shipwracks.

HE that has never yet acquainted been
With cruel Chance, nor Vertue naked ſeen
Strip'd from th' advantages (which Vices wear)
Of happy, plauſible, ſucceſsful, fair;
Nor learnt how long the lowring cloud may laſt,
Wherewith her beauteous face is overcaſt,

Till she her native glories does recover,
And shines more bright, after the Storm is over;
To be inform'd, he need no further go,
Than this Divine Epitome of woe.
In *Johnson*'s Life, and Writings he may find,
What *Homer* in his *Odysses* design'd,
A vertuous Man, by miserable fate,
Rendred ten thousand ways unfortunate;
Sometimes within a leaking Vessel tost,
All hopes of life, and the lov'd Shore quite lost,
While hidden Sands, and every greedy Wave,
With horror gap'd themselves into a Grave:
Sometimes upon a Rock with fury thrown,
Moaning himself, where none could hear his moan;
Sometimes cast out upon the barren sand,
Expos'd to th' mercy of a Barbarous Land:
Such was the Pious *Johnson*, till kind Heaven
A blessed End to all his toils had given:
To shew that vertuous men, though they appear
But *Fortune*'s sport, are *Providence*'s care.

An Explanation of an

EMBLEM

Engraven by V. H.

SEeſt thou thoſe *Rays*, the *Light* 'bove them?
And that gay thing the *Diadem*?
The *Wheel* and *Balance*, which are ty'd
To th' Gold, black Clouds on either ſide?
Seeſt thou the winged *Trumpetters* withal,
That kick the *World's* blew tottering Ball?
The flying *Globe*, the *Glaſs* thereon,
Thoſe fragments of a *Skeleton*?
The *Bays*, the *Palms*, the *Fighting men*,
And *written Scroul*? ——Come tell me then,
Did thy o're-curious eye e're ſee
An apter Scheme of Miſery?

What's

What's all that *Gold*, and what thoſe ſparkling *Stones*
To that bald Scull, to thoſe *Croſs Bones*?
What mean thoſe *Braves* (whom we adore)
To ſtain the Earth with purple gore?
Sack ſtately Towns, ſilk Banners ſpread,
Gallop their Courſers o're the Dead?
Far more than this? and all to ſway
But till thoſe ſands ſhall glide away.
For when the *Bubble World* ſhall fly
With ſtretch'd-out Plumes, when the brisk eye
Shall cloſe with anguiſh, ſink with tears,
And th' Angels Trumpets pierce our ears,
What's haughty Man, or thoſe fine things,
Which Heaven calls *Men*, though Men ſtile *Kings*?
Vain *World* adieu! and farewel fond renown!
Give me the *Glory*, that's above the *Crown!*

For THOUGHTS.

I.

THoughts! What are they?
They are my conſtant Friends,
Who, when harſh Fate its dull brow bends,
Uncloud me with a ſmiling Ray,
And in the depth of midnight force a day.

II.

When I retire, and flee
The buſie throngs of Company!
To hug my ſelf in privacy;
O the diſcourſe! the pleaſant talk,
'Twixt us (my thoughts) along a lonely walk!

III. You

III.

You, like the ſtupifying Wine
The dying Malefactors ſip
With ſhivering lip,
T' abate the rigour of their Doom,
By a leſs troublous cut to their long home;
Make me ſlight Croſſes, though they pil'd up lie,
All by th' enchantments of an extaſie.

IV.

Do I deſire to ſee
The Throne and Majeſty
Of that proud one,
Brother and Uncle to the Stars and Sun?
Thoſe can conduct me where ſuch Toys reſide,
And waft me croſs the Main, *ſans* Wind and Tide.

V.

Would I deſcrie
Thoſe radiant Manſions 'bove the Skie,
Inviſible by Mortal eye?
My *Thoughts*, my *Thoughts* can lay
A ſhining Track thereto,
And nimbly fleeting go:
Through all the eleven *Orbs* can ſhove away,
Theſe two, like *Jacob*'s Ladder, are
A moſt Angelick thorough-fare.

IV.

The Wealth that ſhines
In th' *Oriental* Mines;
Thoſe ſparkling Gems which Nature keeps
Within her Cabinets, the Deeps,

The Verdant Fields,
The Rarities the rich World yields;
Rare ſtructures, whoſe each gilded ſpire
Glimmers like Lightning; which, while men admire,
They deem the neighbouring Skie on fire,
Theſe can I gaze upon, and glut mine eyes
With Myriads of varieties.
As on the front of *Piſgah*, I
Can th' *Holy Land* through theſe my *Opticks* ſpie.

VII.

Contemn we then
The peeviſh rage of men,
Whoſe violence ne'r can divorce
Our mutual amity;
Or lay ſo damn'd a Curſe
As *Non-addreſſes*, 'twixt my thoughts and me:
For though I ſigh in Irons, They
Uſe their old freedom, readily obey;
And when my boſome-friends deſert me, ſtay.

VIII.

Come then, my darlings, I'le embrace
My Priviledge; make known
The high prerogative I own,
By making all allurements give you place;
Whose sweet society to me,
A Sanctuary and a Shield shall be
'Gainst the full Quivers of my Destiny.

Against THOUGHTS.

I.

INtolerable Racks!
Distend my Soul no more,
Loud as the Billows when they roar,
More dreadful than the hideous thunder cracks.

Foes inappeaſable! that ſlay
My beſt contents, around me ſtand,
Each like a *Fury*, with a Torch in hand;
And fright me from the hopes of one good Day.

II.

When I ſeclude my ſelf, and ſay
How frolick will I be,
Unfetter'd from my Company
I'le bath me in felicity!
In come theſe Gueſts,
Which *Harpy* like defile my Feaſts:
Oh the damn'd Dialogues, the curſed talk
'Twixt us (my Thoughts) along a ſullen walk.

III.

You, like the poyſonous Wine
The Gallants quaff
To make 'em laugh,

And yet at last endure
From thence the tortures of a *Calenture*,
Fool me with feign'd refections, till I lie
Stark raving in a *Bedlam* extasie.

IV.

Do I dread
The Starry Throne and Majesty
Of that High *God*,
Who batters Kingdoms with an Iron Rod,
And makes the Mountains stagger with a Nod?
That sits upon the glorious Bow,
Smiling at changes here below.
These goad me to his grand Tribunal, where
They tell me I with horror must appear,
And antedate amazements by grim fear.

V.

Would I deſcry
Thoſe happy Souls bleſt Manſions 'bove the Sky,
Inviſible by mortal eye,
And in a noble ſpeculation trace
A journey to that ſhinning place?
Can I afford a ſigh or two,
Or breath a Wiſh that I might thither go:
Theſe clip my Plumes, and chill my blazing Love
That, O, I cannot, cannot ſoar above.

VI.

The Fire that ſhines
In Subterranean Mines,
The Cryſtall'd ſtreams,
The Sulphur Rocks that glow upon
The torrid banks of *Phlegeton*;

Thoſe

Thoſe ſooty Fiends which Nature keeps,
Bolted and barr'd up in the deeps;
Black Caves wide Chaſms which who ſee confeſs
Types of the Pit ſo deep, ſo bottomleſs!
Theſe myſteries, though I fain would not behold,
You to my view unfold:
Like an Old Roman Criminal, to the high
Tarpeian Hill you force me up, that I
May ſo be hurried headlong down, and Die.

VII.

Mention not then
The ſtrength, and faculties of men;
Whoſe Arts cannot expell
Theſe anguiſhes, this boſome-Hell.
When down my aking head I lay,
In hopes to ſlumber them away;
Perchance I do beguile
The Tyranny a while,

One

One or two minutes, then they throng again,
And reaſſault me with a trebled pain:
Nay though I ſob in Fetters, they
Spare me not then; perplex me each ſad day,
And whom a very *Turk* would pity, ſlay.

VIII.

Hence, hence, (my Jaylors) *Thoughts* be gone,
Let my Tranquillities alone.
Shall I imbrace
A *Crocodile*, or place
My choice affections on the fatal Dart,
That ſtabs me to the heart?
I hate your curſt proximity,
Worſe than the venom'd arrows heads that be
Cramm'd in the quivers of my Deſtiny.

A Dooms-Day Thought.

Anno 1659.

Judgment! two Syllables can make
The haughtieſt Son of *Adam* ſhake.
Tis coming, and 'twill ſurely come,
The dawning to that *Day* of *Doom*;
O, th' morning bluſh of that dread day,
When Heav'n and Earth ſhall ſteal away,
Shall in their priſtine *Chaos* hide,
Rather than th' angry Judge abide.
'Tis not far off; methinks I ſee
Among the Stars ſome dimmer be;
Some tremble, as their Lamps did fear
A neighbouring Extinguiſher,
The greater Luminaries fail,
Their Glories by Eclipſes vail,

Knowing

Knowing e're long their borrow'd Light
Muſt ſink in th' Univerſal Night.
When I behold a Miſt ariſe,
Strait to the ſame aſtoniſh'd Eyes,
Th' aſcending Clouds do repreſent,
A Scene of th' ſmoaking Firmament.
Oft when I hear a bluſtering Wind
With a tempeſtuous murmur joyn'd,
I phancy, *Nature* in this blaſt,
Practiſes how to breath her Laſt,
Or ſighs for poor Man's miſery,
Or pants for fair Eternity.
Go to the dull Church-yard and ſee
Thoſe Hillocks of Mortality.
Where proudeſt Man is only found
By a ſmall ſwelling in the Ground?
What Crouds of Carcaſſes are made
Slaves to the Pickax and the Spade!
Dig but a foot, or two, to make
A Cold Bed, for thy dead Friends ſake,

'Tis

'Tis odds but in that ſcantling room,
Thou robb'ſt another of his Tomb,
Or in thy delving ſmit'ſt upon
A Shinbone, or a Cranion.

When th' Priſon's full, what next can be
But the Grand-Goal-Delivery?
The Great *Aſſize*, when the pale Clay
Shall gape, and render up its Prey;
When from the Dungeon of the Grave
The meager Throng themſelves ſhall heave,
Shake off their Linnen Chains, and gaze
With wonder, when the world ſhall blaze,
Then climb the Mountains, ſcale the Rocks,
Force op'n the Deep's Eternal Locks,
Beſeech the Clifts to lend an Ear,
Obdurate they, and will not hear.
What? ne're a Cavern ne're a Grot
To cover from the common Lot?
No quite forgotten Hold, to ly
Obſcur'd, and paſs the reck'ning by?

No—

No — There's a quick all-piercing Eye
Can through the Earth's dark Center pry,
Search into th' bowels of the Sea,
And comprehend Eternity.

What ſhall we do then, when the voice
Of the ſhrill *Trump* with ſtrong fierce noiſe
Shall pierce our Ears, and ſummon all
To th' Univerſe wide Judgment-Hall?
What ſhall we do, we cannot hide,
Nor yet that Scrutiny abide:
When enlarg'd Conſcience loudly ſpeaks,
And all our boſom-ſecrets breaks;
When flames ſurround, and greedy *Hell*
Gapes for a Booty, (*who can dwell*
With everlaſting Burnings!) when
Irrevocable words ſhall paſs on Men;
Poor naked Men, who ſometimes, thought
Theſe frights perhaps would come to nought!
What ſhall we do! we cannot run
For Refuge, or the ſtrict Judge ſhun.

'Tis

'Tis too late *Then* to think what Courſe to take;
While we live Here, we muſt Proviſion make.

Virtus ſola manet, cætera mortis erunt.

I.

NUnquam ſitivi, quæ vehit aureo
Pactolus *alveo flumina; quo magis*
Potatur Hermus, *tanto avaræ*
Mentis Hydrops ſitibundus ardet.

II.

Fruſtrà caduci carceris incola
Molirer Arces; quilibet angulus
Sat oſſa poſt manes reponet;
Exiguum ſatis eſt Sepulchrum.

III.

Nil ſtemma penſo, nil titulos moror,
Cerâſve aviti ſanguiuis indices,
Sunt iſta fatorum, inque Lethes
Naufragium patientur undis.

IV.

Ergo in quieto pectoris ambitu
Quid mens anhelas fulgura gloriæ,
Laudéſque inanes, & loquacem
Quæ populi ſedet ore, famam.

V.

Letho *ſuperſtes gloria, ſomnii*
Dulcedo vana eſt, fama malignior,
Nil tangit umbras, nec feretrum
Ingreditur Popularis Aura.

VI.

Manſura ſector, ſola ſed invidi
Expers Sepulchri ſydera trajicit,
Spernénſque fatorum tumultus
Pellit humum generoſa Virtus.

VII.

Præceps novorum cætera menſium
Conſumet ætas, ſerâque temporis
Delebit annoſi vetuſtas
Utopicæ *nova Regna Lunæ.*

Tranſlated.

I.

I Never thirſted for the Golden Flood,
Which o're *Pactolus* wealthy ſands do's roul,
From whence the covetous mind receives no good,
But rather ſwells the dropſie of his Soul.

II.

On Palaces why ſhould I ſet my Mind,
Impriſon'd in this Bodie's mouldring clay?
Ere long to poor ſix foot of Earth confin'd,
Whoſe bones muſt crumble at the fatal day.

III.

Titles and Pedigrees, what are they to me,
Or honour gain'd by our Fore-Fathers toil,
The ſport of Fate, whoſe gaudieſt Pageantry
Lethe will waſh out, dark Oblivion ſoyl?

IV.

Why then (my Soul) who fain wouldſt be at eaſe,
Should the Worlds glory dazle thy bright Eye?
Thy ſelf with vain applauſe why ſhouldſt thou (pleaſe,
Or dote on Fame, which Fools may take from (Thee?

V.

Praiſe after death is but a pleaſant dream,
The Dead fare ne'r the worſe for ill report;
The Ghoſts below know nothing of a Name,
Nor ever Popular careſſes court.

VI.

Give me the laſting Good, *Vertue*, that flies
Above the Clouds, that tramples on dull Earth,
Exempt from Fates tumultuous Mutinies,
Vertue, that cannot need a ſecond Birth.

VII.

All other things muſt bend their heads to Time,
By Ages mighty Torrent born away,
Hereafter no more thought on than my Rhime,
Or *Faëry* Kingdoms in *Utopia*.

Pſalm

Pſalm XV. *Paraphraſed.*

VERSE I.

WHo ſhall approach the dread *Jehovah's* (Throne
Or dwell within thy Courts, O *Holy One!*
That happy man whoſe feet ſhall tread the Road
Up *Sion's* Hill, that holy Hill of God!

VERSE II.

He that's devout and ſtrict in all he does,
That through the ſinful world uprightly goes,
The deſp'rate heights from whence the great ones (fall
(Giddy with Fame) turn not his head at all:
Stands firm on *Honours* Pinacle, and ſo
Fears not the dreadful Precipice below.
Of Conſcience, not of Man, he ſtands in aw,
Juſt to obſerve each tittle of the Law!

His words and thoughts bear not a double part,
His breaſt is open, and he ſpeaks his heart.

VERSE III.

He that reviles not, or with cruel words
(Deadly as venome, ſharp as two-edg'd ſwords)
Murthers his Friends repute, nor dares believe
That Rumor which his neighbor's ſoul may grieve:

But with kind words embalms his bleeding Name,
Wipes off the ruſt, and poliſhes his fame.

VERSE IV.

He in whoſe eyes the braveſt ſinners be
Extremely vile, though rob'd in Majeſty;
But if he ſpies a righteous man (though poor)
Him he can honour, love, admire, adore:
In *Iſrael*'s humble Plains had rather ſtay,
Than in the Tents of *Kedar* bear the ſway:

He

He that severely keeps his sacred Vow,
No mental reservation dares allow,
But what he swears, intends; will rather die,
Lose all he has, than tell a *solemn Lie.*

VERSE V.

He that extorts not from the needy Soul,
When Laws his Tyranny cannot controul;
He whom a thousand Empires cannot hire,
Against a guiltless person to conspire.

He that has these perfections, needs no more;
What Treasures can be added to his store?
The *Pyramids* shall turn to dust, to hide
Their own vast bulk, and haughty Founders pride.
Leviathan shall die within his Deep;
The eyes of Heaven close in eternal sleep;
Confusion may o're whelm both Sea, and Land;
Mountains may tumble down, but he shall stand.

JOB.

FEw be the days that feeble man muſt breath,
Yet frequent Troubles antedate his death:
Gay like a flow'r he comes, which newly grown,
Fades of it ſelf, or is untimely mown:
Like a thin Aëry ſhadow does he flie,
Lengthning and ſhortning ſtill until he die.
And does *Jehovah* think on ſuch a one,
Does he behold him from his mighty Throne?
Will he contend with ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Or Duſt and Aſhes into Judgment bring?

Unclean, unclean is man ev'n from the Womb,
Unclean he falls into his drowzy Tomb.
Surely, he cannot anſwer God, nor be
Accounted pure, before ſuch purity.

Nudus

Nudus Redibo.

NAked I came, when I began to be
A man among the Sons of Miſery,
Tender, unarm'd, helpleſs, and quite forlorn,
E're ſince 'twas my hard fortune to be born;
And when the ſpace of a few weary days
Shall be expir'd, then muſt I go my ways.
Naked I ſhall return, and nothing have,
Nothing wherewith to bribe my hungry Grave.

Than what's the proudeſt *Monarch's* glittering (Robe,
Or what's he, more than I, that rul'd the Globe?
Since we muſt all without diſtinction die,
And ſlumber both ſtark naked, He and I.

AN

AN

ELEGY

On the EARL *of*

SANDWICH.

IF there were ought in Verſe, at once could raiſe,
Or tender pity, or immortal praiſe,
Thine Obſequies, brave *Sandwich* would require
What ever would our nobler thoughts inſpire;
But ſince thou find'ſt by thy unhappy fate,
What 'tis to be unfortunately Great,
And purchaſe Honour at too dear a rate:
The Muſes beſt attempt, how e're deſign'd,
Cannot but prove impertinently kind,
Thy glorious Valour is a Theam too high
For all the humble Arts of Poëſie,

To

To ſide with chance, and Kingdoms over-run
Are little things Ambitious Men have done;
But on a flaming Ship thus to deſpiſe
That life, which others did ſo highly prize;
To fight with Fire, and ſtruggle with a Wave,
And *Neptune* with unwearied Arms out-brave,
Are deeds ſurpaſſing fab'lous Chronicle.
And which no future Age ſhall parallel;
Leviathan himſelf's outdon by Thee,
Thou greater *wonder of the Deep*, than *he:*
Nor could the Deep thy mighty Aſhes hold,
The Deep that ſwallows Diamonds and Gold,
Fame ev'n thy ſacred Relicks, does purſue,
Richer than all the Treaſures of *Peru:*
While the kind Sea thy breathleſs body brings
Safe to the bed of Honour and of Kings.

AN

EPITAPH

On the EARL *of*

SANDWICH.

HEre lies the Duſt of that illuſtrious Man,
That triumph'd o're the Ocean;
Who for his Country nobly courted Death,
And dearly ſold his glorious Breath,
Or in a word, in this cold narrow Grave
Sandwich the Good, the Great, the Brave,
(Oh frail Eſtate of Sublunary things!)
Lies equal here with *Englands* greateſt Kings.

PASTO.

PASTORAL.

I.

AT break of day poor *Celadon*
Hard by his Sheepfolds walk'd alone,
His Arms a-croſs, his Head bow'd down,
His Oaten Pipe beſide him thrown,
When *Thirſis* hidden in a Thicket by,
Thus heard the diſcontented Shepherd cry.

II.

What is it *Celadon* has done,
That all his Happineſs is gone!
The Curtains of the dark are drawn,
And chearful morn begins to dawn,
Yet in my breaſt 'tis ever dead of night,
That can admit no beam of pleaſant light.

III.

You pretty Lambs may leap and play
To welcom the new kindled day,
Your Shepherd harmleſs, as are you,
Why is he not as frolick too?
If ſuch diſturbance th' Innocent attend,
How differs he from them that dare offend!

IV.

Ye Gods! or let me die, or live,
If I muſt die, why this reprieve?
If you would have me live, O why
Is it with me as thoſe that die!
I faint, I gaſp, I pant, my eyes are ſet,
My Cheeks are pale, and I am living yet.

V.

Ye Gods! I never did withhold
The fatteſt Lamb of all my Fold,
But on your Altars laid it down,
And with a Garland did it crown.
Is it in vain to make your Altar ſmoke?
Is it all one, to pleaſe, and to provoke?

VI.

Time was that I could ſit and ſmile,
Or with a dance the Time beguile:
My ſoul like that ſmooth Lake was ſtill,
Bright as the Sun behind yon Hill,
Like yonder ſtately Mountain clear, and high,
Swift, ſoft, and gay as the ſame Butterfly.

VII.

But now *Within* there's Civil War,
In Arms my rebel Paſſions are,
Their old Allegiance laid aſide,
The Traitors now in Triumph ride;
That many-headed Monſter has thrown down
Its lawful Monarch Reaſon from its Throne.

VIII.

See unrelenting *Sylvia*, ſee,
All this, and more is long of Thee:
For e're I ſaw that charming face,
Uninterrupted was my peace;
Thy glorious beamy eyes have ſtruck me blind,
To my own Soul the way I cannot find.

IX.

Yet is it not thy fault nor mine
Heav'n is to blame, that did not ſhine
Upon us both with equal Rays,
It made thine bright, mine gloomy days;
To *Sylvia* beauty gave, and riches ſtore,
All *Celadon*'s offence is, he is poor.

X.

Unlucky Stars poor Shepherds have,
Whoſe Love is fickle *Fortune*'s Slave:
Thoſe golden days are out of date,
When every Turtle choſe his Mate:
Cupid that mighty Prince then uncontroul'd,
Now like a little *Negro*'s bought and ſold.

On the Death of
Mr. Pelham Humfries.

Paſtoral Song.

Did you not hear the hideous Grone,
The Shrieks, and heavy Mone
That ſpread themſelves o're all the penſive Plain;
And rent the breaſt of many a tender Swain?
'Twas for *Amintas*, Dead and gone.
Sing ye forſaken Shepherds, ſing *His* Praiſe
In careleſs Melancholy Lays,
Lend *Him* a little doleful Breath:
Poor *Amintas*! cruel death!
'Twas *Thou* could'ſt make Dead words to live,
Thou that dull Numbers could'ſt inſpire
With charming Voice, and tuneful Lyre,
That Life to all, but to *Thy ſelf* could'ſt give;

Why

Why could'ſt *Thou* not *thy* wondrous Art bequeath?
Poor *Amintas*! Cruel Death!
Sing pious Shepherds, while you may,
Before th' approaches of the Fatal Day:
For you your ſelves that ſing this mournful *Song*,
Alas! e're it be long,
Shall, like *Amintas*, Breathleſs be,
Though more forgotten in the Grave, that *He*.

The Miſtake.

SONG.

I Heard a young Lover in terrible pain;
From whence if he pleas'd, he might ſoon be re- (leas'd,
He ſwore, and he vow'd again and again,
He could not out-live the turmoils of his breaſt;
But, alas, the young Lover I found
Knew little how cold Love would prove under (ground;

Why ſhould I believe, prithee *Love* tell me why,
Where my own Fleſh and Bloud muſt give me the (Lye!
Let 'em rant while they will, and their Deſtinies (brave,
They'l find their flames vaniſh on this ſide the grave;
For though all addreſſes on purpoſe are made
To be *huddled to bed*, —'tis 'nt meant, *with a ſpade*!

The Incredulous.

SONG.

I'Le ne're believe for *Strephon*'s ſake
That *Love*, (what e'r its fond pretences be)
Is not a ſlave to mutability.
The Moon and that alike of change partake:
Tears are weak, and cannot bind;
Vows, alas! but empty wind:
The greateſt Art that Nature gave
To th' Amorous Hypocrite to make him kind,
Long e're he dies will take its leave.

Had

Had you but seen, as I have done,
Strephon's tears, and heard his mone,
How pale his Cheek, how dim his Eye,
As if with *Chloris* he resolv'd to dye;
And when her spotless Soul was fled
Heard his amazing praises of the Dead;
Yet in a very little time address
His flame t' another Shepherdess,
In a few days giving his Love the Lye,
You'd be as great an Infidel as I.

Weeping at Parting.

SONG.

I.

GO, gentle *Oriana*, go,
Thou seest the Gods will have it so;
Alas! Alas! 'tis much in vain
Of their ill usage to complain,

To curſe them when we want relief,
Leſſens our courage, not our grief:
Dear *Oriana*, wipe thine Eye,
The Time may come, that thou, and I
Shall meet again, long, long to prove
What Vigour abſence adds to love,
Smile *Oriana* then, and let me ſee,
That look again, which ſtole my liberty.

II.

But ſay that *Oriana* die,
And that ſad moment may be nigh;
The Gods that for a year can ſever,
If it pleaſe them can part us ever;
They that refreſh, can make us weep,
And into Death can lengthen ſleep,
Kind *Oriana* ſhould I hear
The thing I ſo extremely fear,

'Twill not be ſtrange, if it be ſaid,
After a while, I too, am dead.
Weep *Oriana*, weep, for who does know,
Whether we e'r ſhall meet again below.

The Deſperate Lover.

I.

O Mighty King of Terrors, come!
Command thy Slave to his long home:
Great Sanctuary, Grave! to thee
In throngs the miſerable flie;
Encircled in thy frozen arms,
They bid defiance to their harms,
Regardleſs of thoſe pond'rous little things,
That diſcompoſe th' uneaſie heads of Kings.

II.

In the cold Earth the Pris'ner lies
Ranſom'd from all his miſeries,
Himſelf forgotten, he forgets
His cruel Creditors, and Debts;
And there in everlaſting peace
Contentions with their Authors ceaſe.
A Turf of Graſs or Monument of Stone
Umpires the petty Competition.

III.

The diſappointed Lover there,
Breaths not a ſigh, nor ſheds a tear;
With us (fond fools) he never ſhares
In ſad perplexities and cares;
The Willow near his Tomb that grows
Revives his Memory, not his Woes;

Or

Or rain, or ſhine, he is advanc'd above
Th' affronts of Heaven, and ſtratagems of Love.

IV.

Then, mighty King of Terrors, come,
Command thy Slave to his long home.
And thou, my Friend, that lov'ſt me beſt,
Seal up theſe eyes that brake my reſt;
Put out the Lights, beſpeak my Knell,
And then eternally farewel.
'Tis all th' amends our wretched Fates can give,
That none can force a deſperate man to Live.

The Fatigue.

A SONG.

ADieu fond World, and all thy Wiles,
Thy haughty frowns, and treacherous ſmiles,
They that behold thee with my eyes,
Thy double dealing will deſpiſe:
From thee, falſe World, my deadly Foe,
Into ſome Deſart let me go;
Some gloomy melancholy Cave,
Dark and ſilent as the Grave,
Let me withdraw; where I may be
From thine impertinencies free:
There when I hear the Turtle grone,
How ſweetly would I make my mone!
Kind *Philomel* would teach me there
My ſorrows pleaſantly to bear:

There

There could I correſpond with none
But Heaven, and my own breaſt alone.

The Reſolve.

SONG.

I.

HAd *Phyllis* neither Charms, nor Graces
More than the reſt of women wear,
Levell'd by Fate with common faces,
Yet *Damon* could eſteem her fair.

II.

Good natur'd Love can ſoon forgive
Thoſe petty injuries of Time,
And all th' affronts of years impute
To her Misfortune, not her Crime.

III.

Wedlock puts Love upon the Rack,
Makes it confeſs 'tis ſtill the ſame
In Icy Age, as it appear'd,
At firſt when all was lively flame.

IV.

If *Hymen*'s ſlaves, whoſe ears are boar'd,
Thus conſtant by compulſion be,
Why ſhould not Choice indear us more
Than them their hard Neceſſity?

V.

Phyllis! 'tis true, thy Glaſs does run,
But ſince mine too keeps equal pace,
My ſilver hairs may trouble thee,
As much as me thy ruin'd Face.

VI.

Then let us conſtant be as Heaven,
Whoſe Laws inviolable are,
Not like thoſe rambling *Meteors* there
That foretel ills, and diſappear.

VII.

So ſhall a pleaſing calm attend
Our long uneaſie Deſtiny,
So ſhall our Loves, and Lives expire
From Storms and Tempeſts ever free.

LOVE's *Bravo.*

SONG.

WHy ſhould we murmur, why repine,
Phyllis, at thy Fate, or mine?
Like Pris'ners, why do we thoſe Fetters ſhake;
Which neither thou, nor I can break?
There is a better way to baffle Fate,
If Mortals would but mind it,
And 'tis not hard to find it:
Who would be happy, muſt be deſperate;
He muſt deſpiſe thoſe Stars that fright
Only Fools that dread the night;
Time and chance he muſt out-brave;
He that crouches is their Slave.
Thus the wiſe *Pagans* ill at eaſe,
Bravely chaſtiz'd their ſurly *Deities.*

The Expectation.

SONG.

I.

WHy did I ever ſee thoſe glorious eyes
My famiſh'd Soul to Tantalize?
I hop'd for Heav'n, which I had lately ſeen,
But ne'r perceiv'd the Gulph between:
In vain for bliſs did my preſumptions ſeek,
My love ſo ſtrong
I could not hold my tongue,
My heart ſo feeble that I durſt not ſpeak.

II.

Yet why do I my conſtitution blame,
Since all my heart is out of frame!
'Twere better (ſure) my paſſions to appeaſe,
With hope to palliate my diſeaſe:

And

And 'twill be something like Tranquillity,
To hope for that
I must not compass yet,
And make a Vertue of Necessity.

CORIDON *Converted.*

SONG.

I.

WHen *Coridon* a Slave did lie,
Entangled in his *Phyllis* Eye,
How did he sigh! how did he grone!
How melancholy was his tone!
He told his Story to the Woods,
And wept his Passion by the Floods;
Then *Phyllis*, cruel *Phyllis*, too too blame,
Regarded not his sufferings, nor his flame.

II.

Then *Coridon* reſolv'd no more
His Miſtris Mercy to implore;
How did he laugh, how did he ſing!
How did he make the Forreſt ring!
He told his Conqueſts to the Woods,
And drown'd his paſſions in the Floods:
Then *Phyllis*, cruel *Phyllis*, leſs ſevere
Would have had him, but he would none of her.

The Humouriſt.

SONG.

I.

GOod faith I never was but once ſo mad
To dote upon an idle woman's Face,
And then alaſs! my fortune was ſo bad
To ſee another choſen in my place;

And yet I courted her, I'm very ſure,
With Love as true as his was, and as pure.

II.

But if I ever be ſo fond again
To undertake the ſecond part of Love,
To reaſſume that moſt unmanlike pain,
Or after ſhipwrack do the Ocean prove;
My Miſtris muſt be gentle, kind, and free,
Or I'le be as indifferent as ſhe.

Fading Beauty.

SONG.

I.

AS poor *Aurelia* ſate alone;
Hard by a Rivulets flowry ſide;
Envious at Nature's new-born pride,
Her ſlighted ſelf, ſhe thus reflected on.

II. Alas!

II.

Alas! that Nature ſhould revive
These flowers, which after Winter's ſnow
Spring freſh again, and brighter ſhew,
But for our fairer Sex ſo ill contrive!

III.

Beauty like theirs a ſhort-liv'd thing,
On us in vain ſhe did beſtow,
Beauty that only once can grow,
An Autumn has, but knows no ſecond Spring.

A

DIALOGUE.

Chloris and *Partheniſſa*.

C. WHy doſt thou all addreſs deny?
Hard hearted *Partheniſſa*, why?
See how the trembling Lovers come,
That from thy lips expect their doom,
P. Cloris! I hate them all, they know,
Nay I have often told them ſo;
Their ſilly Politicks abhorr'd:
I ſcorn to make my Slave my Lord:
C. But *Strephon*'s eyes proclaim his Love
Too brave, tyrannical to prove.
P. Ah *Cloris!* when we loſe our pow'r
We muſt obey the Conquerour.

C. Yet

C. Yet where a Gentle Prince bears ſway,
It is no bondage to obey.

P. But if like *Nero*, for a while,
With arts of kindneſs he beguile;
How ſhall the Tyrant be withſtood!
When he has writ his Laws in blood!

C. Love, *Partheniſſa*, all commands,
It fetters Kings in charming bands;
Mars yields his Arms to *Cupid's* darts,
And Beauty ſoftens ſavage hearts,

Chorus.

If nothing elſe can pull the Tyrant down,
Kill him with kindneſs, and the day's your own.

A

DIALOGUE.

Orpheus *and* Eurydice.

Orpheus.

EUrydice, my fair, my fair *Eurydice!*
My love, my joy, my life, if ſo thou be
In *Pluto's* Kingdom anſwer me; appear
And come to thy poor *Orpheus.*—

Eur. Oh I hear,
I hear, dear *Orpheus*, but I cannot come
Beyond the bounds of dull *Elyſium.*
I cannot —

Or. And why wilt thou not draw near?
Is there within theſe Courts a Shade ſo dear
As he that calls thee?

Eur. No, there cannot be

A thing so lovely in mine eyes as thee.

Orph. Why comes not then *Eurydice?*

Eur. The Fates,

The Fates forbid, and these eternal Gates
Never unbarr'd, to let a Pris'ner go,
Deny me passage; nay, grim *Cerberus* too
Stands at the door——

Orph. But cannot then

They that o're *Lethe* go, return agen?

Eur. Never, oh never! ——

Orph. Sure they may, let's try

If Art can null the Laws of Destiny.
My Lays compacted *Thebes*, made every Tree
Loosen its roots to caper; come let's see
What thou and I can do.

Chor. Perchance the thron;

Of Ghosts may be enchanted with a Song,
And mov'd to Pity.——

Eur. Hark the Hinges move.

The Gate's unbarr'd, I come, I come, my Love.

Chorus.

'Twas Muſick, only Muſick, could un-ſpel
Helpleſs, undone *Eurydice* from Hell.

The Batchelors Song.

LIke a Dog with a Bottle, faſt ty'd to his tail,
Like Vermin in a Trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
Like a *Tory* in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog:
Such is the man, who when he might go free,
Does his liberty looſe,
For a Matrimony nooſe,
And ſells himſelf into captivity.
The Dog he do's howl, when the Bottle does jog,
The Vermin, the Thief, and the *Tory* in vain
Of the Trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire complain.
But welfare poor *Fug!* for he plays with his Clog;

And

And though he would be rid on't rather than his life,
Yet he lugs it, and he hugs it, as a man does his Wife.

The Second Part.

SONG.

HOw happy a thing were a Wedding
And a Bedding,
If a Man might purchaſe a Wife
For a twelve month and a day;
But to live with her all a man's life,
For ever and for ay,
Till ſhe grow as gray as a Cat,
Good faith, Mr. Parſon, I thank you for that.

An Appeal to Cats in the buſineſs of Love.

A SONG.

YE Cats that at midnight ſpit love at each other,
Who beſt feel the pangs of a paſſionate Lover,
I appeal to your ſcratches, and your tattered furr,
If the buſineſs of Love be no more than to Purr.
Old Lady *Grimalkin* with her Goosberry eyes,
Knew ſomething when a Kitten, for why ſhe was wiſe;
You find by experience the Love fit's ſoon o'r,
Puſs! Puſs! laſts not long, but turns to *Cat-whore.*

Men ride many Miles,
Cats tread many Tiles,
Both hazard their necks in the Fray,
Only Cats, when they fall
From a Houſe, or a Wall,
Keep their feet, mount their Tails, and away.

Advice

Advice to an Old Man of ſixty three, about to Marry a Girl of ſixteen.

SONG.

I.

NOw fie upon him! what is Man,
Whoſe life at beſt is but a ſpan?
When to an Inch it dwindles down,
Ice in his bones, Snow on his crown,
That he within his crazy brain,
Kind thoughts of Love ſhould entertain,
That he, when Harveſt comes ſhould plow,
And when 'tis time to reap, go ſow,
Who in imagination only ſtrong,
Though twice a Child, can never twice grow young.

II.

Nature did thoſe deſign for Fools,
That ſue for work, yet have no Tools.

What fellow-feeling can there be
In ſuch a ſtrange diſparity?
Old age miſtakes the youthful breaſt,
Love dwells not there, but Intereſt:
Alas Good Man! take thy repoſe,
Get Ribband for thy Thumbs, and Toes.
Provide thee Flannel, and a ſheet of Lead,
Think on thy Coffin, not thy Bridal Bed.

The SLIGHT.

SONG.

I.

I Did but crave that I might kiſs,
If not her Lip, at leaſt her Hand,
The cooleſt Lover's frequent bliſs,
And rude is ſhe that will withſtand

That inoffenſive liberty:
She (would you think it?) in a fume
Turn'd her about and left the Room;
Not ſhe, ſhe vow'd, not ſhe.

II.

Well *Charieſſa* then ſaid I,
If it muſt thus for ever be,
I can renounce my ſlavery,
And ſince you will not, can be free,
(Many a time ſhe made me die,)
Yet (would you think't?) I lov'd the more,
But I'le not tak't as heretofore,
Not I, I'le vow, not I.

The PENITENT.

SONG.

I.

HAd I but known ſome years ago
What wretched Lovers undergo,
The tempeſts and the ſtorms that riſe
From their Beloved's dangerous eyes,
With how much torment they endure
That Ague, and that Calenture;
Long ſince I had my error ſeen,
Long ſince repented of my ſin:
Too late the Soldier dreads the Trumpets ſound
That newly has receiv'd his mortal wound.

II.

But ſo adventurous was I
My Fortunes all alone to try,
Needs muſt I kiſs the burning light,
Becauſe it ſhin'd, becauſe 'twas bright,

My heart with youthful heat on fire,
I thought ſome God did me inſpire;
And that blind zeal emboldned me,
T'attempt *Althea*'s Deity.
Surely thoſe happy Pow'rs that dwell above,
Or never courted, or enjoy'd their love.

The Defiance.

SONG.

I.

BE not too proud, imperious Dame,
Your charms are tranſitory things,
May melt, while you at Heaven aim,
Like *Icarus*'s Waxen Wings;
And you a part in his misfortune bear,
Drown'd in a briny Ocean of deſpair.

II.

You think your beauties are above
The Poets Brain, and Painters Hand,
As if upon the Throne of Love
You only ſhould the World command:
Yet know, though you preſume your title true,
There are pretenders, that will Rival you.

III.

There's an experienc'd Rebel, Time,
And in his Squadrons Poverty;
There's Age that brings along with him
A terrible Artillery:
And if againſt all theſe thou keep'ſt thy Crown,
Th' Uſurper Death will make thee lay it down.

The Surrender.

SONG.

I Yield, I yield! Divine *Althæa*, ſee
How proſtrate at thy feet I bow,
Fondly in love with my Captivity,
So weak am I, ſo mighty thou!
Not long ago I could defie,
Arm'd with Wine and Company,
Beauties whole Artillery:
Quite vanquiſh'd now by thy miraculous Charms,
Here fair, *Althæa*, take my Arms,
For ſure he cannot be of Humane Race,
That can reſiſt ſo bright, ſo ſweet a Face.

The WHIM.

SONG.

I.

WHy ſo ſerious, why ſo grave?
Man of buſineſs, why ſo muddy?
Thy ſelf from Chance thou canſt not ſave
With all thy care and ſtudy.
Look merrily then, and take thy repoſe;
For 'tis to no purpoſe to look ſo forlorn,
Since the World was as bad before thou wert born,
And when it will mend who knows?
And a thouſand year hence 'tis all one,
If thou lay'ſt on a Dunghill, or ſat'ſt on a Throne.

II.

To be troubled, to be ſad,
Carking Mortal 'tis a folly,
For a pound of Pleaſure's not ſo bad
As an ounce of Melancholy:

Since

Since all our lives long we travel towards Death,
Let us reſt us ſometimes, and bait by the way,
'Tis but dying at laſt; in our Race let us ſtay,
And we ſhan't be ſo ſoon out of breath.
Sit the Comedy out, and that done,
When the Play's at an end, let the Curtain fall down.

The RENEGADO.

SONG.

I.

REmov'd from fair *Urania*'s eyes
Into a Village far away:
Fond *Aſtrophil* began to ſay,
Thy Charms *Urania* I deſpiſe;
Go bid ſome other Shepherd for thee die,
That never underſtood thy Tyranny.

II.

Return'd at length the amorous Swain,
Soon as he ſaw his Diety,

Ador'd again, and bow'd his knee,
Became her Slave, and wore her Chain.
The Needle thus that motionleſs did lie,
Trembles, and moves, when the lov'd Loadſtone's (nigh.

PHYLLIS *withdrawn.*

I.

I Did but ſee her, and ſhe's ſnatch'd away,
I find I did but happy ſeem;
So ſmall a while did my contentments ſtay,
As ſhort and pleaſant as a dream:
Yet ſuch are all our ſatisfactions here,
They raiſe our hopes, and them they diſappear.

II.

Ill natur'd Stars, that evermore conſpire
To quench poor *Strephon*'s flame,
To ſtop the progreſs of his ſwift deſire,
And leave him but an Aëry Name;
Why art thou doom'd (of no pretences proud)
Ixion-like thus to embrace a Cloud?

III. Yet

III.

Yet why ſhould *Strephon* murmur, why complain,
Or envy *Phyllis* her delight,
Why ſhould her pleaſures be to him a pain,
Eaſier perhaps out of his ſight?
No, *Strephon*, no! If *Phyllis* happy be,
Thou ſhould'ſt rejoyce, what e'r becomes of Thee.

IV.

Amidſt the charming Glories of the Spring
In pleaſant Fields and goodly Bowers
Indulgent Nature ſeems concern'd to bring
All that may bleſs her innocent hours,
While thy diſaſtrous Fate has ty'd thee down
To all the noiſe and tumult of the Town.

V.

Strephon that for himſelf expects no good
To *Phyllis* wiſhes every where,
A long ſerenity without a Cloud,
Sweet as theſe ſmiles of th' Infant year.
May *Halcyons* in her boſom build their Neſt,
What ever ſtorms ſhall diſcompoſe my Breaſt.

The Malecontent.

SONG.

PHyllis, O *Phyllis!* Thou art fondly vain,
My wavering thoughts thus to moleſt,
Why ſhould my pleaſure be the only pain,
That muſt torment my eaſie breaſt?
If with *Prometheus* I had ſtoll'n fire,
Fire from above,
As ſcorching, and as bright, as that of Love,
I might deſerve *Jove*'s ire,

A Vultur then might on my Liver feed,
But now eternally I bleed,
And yet on Thee, on Thee lies all the blame,
Who freely gav'ſt the Fewel and the Flame.

The Indifferent.

SONG.

PRithee confeſs for my ſake, and your own,
Am I the Man or no?
If I am he, thou can'ſt not do't too ſoon,
If not, thou can'ſt not be too ſlow.
If Woman cannot love, Man's folly's great
Your Sex with ſo much zeal to treat;
But if we freely proffer to purſue
Our tender thoughts and ſpotleſs love,
Which nothing ſhall remove,
And you deſpiſe all this, pray what are you?

The HARBOUR.

SONG.

O Tedious hopes! when will the ſtorm be o're!
When will the beaten Veſſel reach the ſhore!
Long have I ſtriv'n with bluſtring winds and tides,
Clouds o're my head, Waves on my ſides!
Which in my dark adventures high did ſwell,
While Heaven was black as Hell,
O Love, tempeſtuous Love, yet, yet at laſt,
Let me my Anchor caſt,
And for the troubles I have undergone,
O bring me to a Port which I may call my own.

The Unconcerned.

SONG.

NOw that the World is all in a maze,
Drums, and Trumpets rending Heav'ns,
Wounds a bleeding, Mortals dying,
Widows and Orphans piteously crying;
Armies marching, Towns in a blaze,
Kingdoms and States at fixes and sevens:
What should an honest Fellow do,
Whose courage, and fortunes run equally low!
Let him live, say I, till his glass be run,
As easily as he may;
Let the Wine, and the Sand of his Glass flow together,
For Life's but a Winters day.
Alas from Sun to Sun,
The time's very short, very dirty the weather,
And we silently creep away,
Let him nothing do, he could wish undone;
And keep himself safe from the noise of Gun. *The*

The Immovable.

SONG.

I.

WHat though the Skie be clouded o're,
And Heav'ns influence ſmile no more?
Though Tempeſts riſe, and Earthquakes make
The giddy World's foundation ſhake?
A gallant breaſt contemns the feeble blow
Of angry Gods, and ſcorns what Fate can do.

II.

What if Alarms ſounded be,
And we muſt face our Enemy,
If Cannons bellow out a death,
Or Trumpets woo away our breath!
'Tis brave amidſt the glittering Throng to die,
Nay, *Sampſon*-like, to fall with Company.

III. Then

III.

Then let the Swordman domineer,
I can, nor Pike, nor Musket fear;
Clog me with Chains, your envies tire,
For when I will, I can expire;
And when the puling fit of Life is gone,
The worſt that cruel man can do, is done.

The WISH.

SONG.

I.

NOt to the Hills where Cedars move
Their cloudy head, not to the Grove
Of Myrtles in th' *Elyſian* ſhade,
Nor *Tempe* which the Poets made;

Not

Not on the ſpicy Mountains play;
Or travel to *Arabia*:
I aim not at the careful Throne,
Which Fortune's darlings ſit upon;
No, no, the beſt this fickle world can give,
Has but a little, little time to live,

II.

But let me ſoar, O let me flie
Beyond poor Earths benighted eye,
Beyond the pitch ſwift Eagles towre,
Above the reach of humane Power;
Above the Stars, above the way,
Whence *Phœbus* darts his piercing Ray.
O let me tread thoſe Courts that are,
So bright, ſo pure, ſo bleſt, ſo fair,
As neither thou, nor I muſt ever know
On Earth, 'tis thither, thither would I go.

The CORDIAL.

In the Year 1657.

SONG.

I.

Did you hear of the News (O the News) how (it thunders!
Do but ſee, how the block-headed Multitude (wonders!
One fumes, and ſtamps, and ſtares to think upon
What others wiſh as faſt, Confuſion.
One ſwears w'are gone, another juſt agoing,
While a third ſits and cries,
'Till his half-blinded eyes,
Call him pitiful Rogue for ſo doing.
Let the tone be what 'twill that the mighty Ones (utter,
Let the cauſe be what 'twill why the poorer ſort (mutter;
I care not what your State-confounders do,
Nor what the ſtout repiners undergo:

I can-

I cannot whine at any alterations.
Let the *Swede* beat the *Dane*,
Or be beaten again,
What am I in the Croud of the Nations?

II.

What care I if the North and South Poles come (together;
If the *Turk*, or the *Pope*'s *Antichriſtian*, or neither;
If fine *Aſtræa* be (as *Naſo* ſaid)
From Mortals in a peeviſh fancy fled:
Rome, when 'twas all on fire, her People mourn- (ing,
'Twas an *Emperour* could ſtand
With his Harp in his hand,
Sing and play, while the *City* was *burning*.

Celadon

Celadon *on* Delia *ſinging.*

O *Delia!* for I know 'tis ſhe,
It muſt be ſhe, for nothing leſs could move
My tuneleſs heart, than ſomething from *above.*
I hate all earthly Harmony:
Hark, hark ye *Nymphs*, and *Satyrs* all around!
Hark how the baſled *Eccho* faints; ſee how ſhe dies,
Look how the winged Choir all gaſping lies
At the melodious ſound;
See, while ſhe ſings
How they droop and hang their wings!
Angelick *Delia*, ſing no more,
Thy Song's too great for mortal ear;
Thy charming Notes we can no longer bear:
O then in pity to the World give o're,
And leave us ſtupid as we were before.

Fair

Fair *Delia* take the fatal choice,
Or veil thy beauty, or ſuppreſs thy Voice.

His paſſion thus poor *Celadon* betray'd,
When firſt he ſaw, when firſt he heard the lovely
(*Maid.*

The Advice.

SONG.

I.

POor *Celia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching Eye ſhe had,
Moſt neatly look'd her braided hair,
Her dainty Cheeks would make you mad,
Upon her Lip did all the *Graces* play,
And on her Breaſts ten thouſand *Cupids* lay.

II. Then

II.

Then many a doting Lover came
From *ſeventeen* till *twenty one*,
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But ſhe (forſooth) affected none.
One was not handſome, t'other was not fine,
This of Tobacco ſmelt, and that of Wine.

III.

But t'other day it was my Fate,
To walk along that way alone,
I ſaw no Coach before her Gate,
But at the Door I heard her mone:
She dropt a tear, and ſighing, ſeem'd to ſay,
Young Ladies marry, marry while you may!

TO
Mr. SAM. AUSTIN
Of Wadham *Coll.* OXON,
On his moſt unintelligible Poems.

SIR,

IN that ſmall inch of time I ſtole, to look
On th' obſcure depths of your myſterious Book,
(Heav'n bleſs my eye-ſight!) what ſtrains did I ſee!
What Steropegeretick Poetry!
What Hieroglyphick words, what all,
In Letters more than Cabaliſtical!
We with our fingers may your Verſes ſcan,
But all our Noddles underſtand them can
No more, than read that dungfork, pothook hand
That in * *Queen's Colledge Library* does ſtand.
The cutting Hanger of your wit I can't ſee,
For that ſame ſcabbard that conceals your Fancy:

* *The Devils hand-writing in* Queen's *Coll. Library at* Oxford.

Thus

Thus a black Velvet Casket hides a Jewel;
And a dark woodhouſe, wholeſom winter Fuel;
Thus *John Tradeskin* ſtarves our greedy eyes,
By boxing up his new-found Rarities;
We dread *Actæons* Fate, dare not look on,
When you do ſcowre your skin in *Helicon*;
We cannot (*Lynceus*-like) ſee through the wall
Of your ſtrong-Mortar'd *Poems*; nor can all
The ſmall ſhot of our Brains make one hole in
The Bulwark of your Book, that Fort to win.
Open your meanings door, O do not lock it!
Undo the Buttons of your ſmaller Pocket,
And charitably ſpend thoſe *Angels* there,
Let them enrich and actuate our Sphere.
Take off our Bongraces, and ſhine upon us,
Though your reſplendent beams ſhould chance to tan us.
Had you but ſtoln your Verſes, then we might
Hope in good time they would have come to light;
And felt I not a ſtrange Poetick heat
Flaming within, which reading makes me ſweat,

Vulcan ſhould take 'em, and I'd not exempt 'em,
Becauſe they're things *Quibus lumen ademptum.*
I thought to have commended ſomething there,
But all exceeds my commendations far:
I can ſay nothing; but ſtand ſtill, and ſtare,
And cry, O wondrous, ſtrange, profound, and rare.
Vaſt Wits muſt fathom you better than thus,
You merit more than our praiſe: as for us
The Beetles of our Rhimes ſhall drive full faſt in,
The wedges of your worth to everlaſting,
My Much *Apocalyptiqu'* friend *Sam. Auſtin.*

TO

TO MY
Ingenious Friend
Mr. WILLIAM FAITHORN
On his Book of
Drawing, Etching, *and* Graving.

SHould I attempt an Elogy, or Frame
A Paper-ſtructure to ſecure thy name,
The lightning of one Cenſure, one ſtern frown
Might quickly hazard that, and thy renown,
But this thy Book prevents that fruitleſs pain.
One line ſpeaks purelier Thee, than my beſt ſtrain.
Thoſe Myſteries (once like the ſpiteful mold,
Which bars the greedy *Spaniard* from his Gold.)
Thou doſt unfold in every friendly Page,
Kind to the preſent, and ſucceeding age.
That Hand, whoſe curious Art prolongs the date
Of frail Mortality, and baffles Fate

With Braſs and Steel, can ſurely potent be,
To rear a laſting Monument for thee:
For my part I prefer (to guard the Dead)
A *Copper-Plate* beyond a Sheet of Lead.
So long as Braſs, ſo long as Books endure,
So long as neat-wrought Pieces, Thou 'rt ſecure.
A [*Faithorn ſculpſit*] is a charm can ſave
From dull oblivion, and a gaping grave.

On the Commentaries *of*

Meſſire Blaize de MONTLUC.

To the Worthy Tranſlator,

CHARLES COTTON, *Eſq;*

HE that would aptly write of warlike men,
Should make his Ink of Blood, a Sword his (Pen;
At leaſt he muſt their Memories abuſe,
Who writes with leſs than *Maro*'s mighty Muſe:
All (Sir) that I could ſay of this great Theme
(The brave *Montluc*) would leſſen his eſteem;

Whoſe

Whoſe Laurels too much native verdure have
To need the Praiſes vulgar Chaplets crave:
His own bold hand, what it durſt write, durſt do,
Grappled with Enemies, and Oblivion too;
Hew'd his own Monument, and grav'd thereon,
It's deep and durable inſcription.
To you (*Sir*) whom the valiant Author owes,
His ſecond Life, and Conqueſt o're his Foes;
Ill natur'd Foes, Time and Detraction,
What is a Stranger's Contribution!
Who has not ſuch a ſhare of vanity,
To dream that one, who with ſuch induſtry
Obliges all the World, can be oblig'd by me.

A Character of a BELLY-GOD:

Catius and *Horace.*

Horace.

WHence Brother Caſe, *and whither bound* (ſo faſt?

Ca. *O, Sir, you muſt excuſe me, I'm in haſt,*

I dine with my (Lord Mayor) *and can't allow*

Time for our eating Directory *now:*

Though I muſt needs confeſs, I think my *Rules*

Would prove *Pythagoras* and *Plato* Fools.

Hor. *Grave Sir, I muſt acknowledge, 'tis a crime*

To interrupt at ſuch a nick of time;

Tet ſtay a little Sir, it is no Sin;

You're to ſay Grace ere Dinner can begin;

Since you at food ſuch Virtuoſo *are,*

Some Precepts *to an hungry* Poet *ſpare.*

Ca.

Ca. I grant you Sir, next pleaſure ta'n in eating
Is that (as we do call it) of *repeating*;
I ſtill have *Kitchin Syſtems* in my mind,
And from my *Stomach's* fumes a *Brain* well lin'd.

Hor. *Whence, pray Sir, learnt you thoſe ingenuous Arts,*
From one at home, or hir'd from foreign parts?

Ca. No names Sir (I beſeech you,) that's foul play,
We ne'r name *Authors*, only what they ſay.
1. 'For *Eggs* chuſe *long*, the *round* are out of faſhion,
'Unſavoury and diſtaſteful to the Nation:
'E're ſince the brooding *Rump*, they're *addle* too,
'In the long Egg lyes *Cock a doodle-doo.*
2. 'Chuſe *Coleworts* planted on a ſoil that's dry,
'Even they are *worſe for th' wetting* (verily.)
3. 'If Friend from far ſhall come to viſit, then
'Say thou would'ſt treat the Wight with mortal *Hen*,
'Do n't thou forthwith pluck off the *cackling* head,
'And impale Corps on *Spit* as ſoon as dead;
'For ſo ſhe will be *tough* beyond all meaſure,
'And Friend ſhall make a trouble of a pleaſure.

Steept

'Steept in good Wine let her her life ſurrender,
'O then ſhe'l eat moſt admirably tender.

4. '*Muſhromes* that grow in meadows are the beſt;
'For ought I know, there's Poyſon in the reſt.

5. 'He that would many happy Summers ſee,
'Let him eat *Mulberries* freſh off the Tree,
'Gather'd before the Sun's too high, for theſe
'Shall hurt his Stomach leſs than *Cheſhire* Cheeſe.

6. '*Auſidius* (had you done ſo't had undon ye)
'Sweetned his morning's draughts of *Sack* with (*Honey*;
'But he did ill, to empty veins to give
'Corroding *Potion* for a *Lenitive*.

7. 'If any man to *drink* do thee inveigle in,
'Firſt wet thy *whiſtle* with ſome good *Metheglin*.

8. 'If thou art *bound*, and in continual doubt,
'Thou ſhalt get in no more till ſome get out,
'The *Muſcle* or the *Cockle* will unlock
'Thy Bodies *trunk*, and give a vent to *nock*.
'Some ſay that *Sorrel* ſteept in Wine will do
'But to be ſure, put in ſome *Aloes* too.

9. 'All

9. 'All *ſhell-fiſh* (with the growing *Moon* increaſt)
'Are ever, when ſhe fills her *Orb*, the beſt:
'But for brave *Oyſters*, Sir, exceeding rare,
'They are not to be met with every where.
'Your *Wain-fleet Oyſters* no man will prefer
'Before the juicy Graſs-green *Colcheſter*.
'*Hungerford Crawfiſh*, match me, if you can,
'There's no ſuch Crawlers in the Ocean.

10. 'Next for your Suppers, you (it may be think)
'There go's no more to't, but juſt *eat* and *drink*;
'But let me tell you Sir, and tell you plain,
'To dreſs 'em well requires a man of brain:
'His *Palate* muſt be quick, and ſmart, and ſtrong,
'For Sauce, a very *Critick* in the Tongue.

11. 'He that pays dear for *Fiſh*, nay though the beſt,
'May pleaſe his *Fiſhmonger*, more than his *Gueſt*,
'If he be ignorant what ſawce is proper,
'There's *Machiavel* in th' *Menage* of a Supper.

12. 'For *Swines-fleſh*, give me that of the *Wild Boar*,
'Purſu'd and hunted all the Forreſt o're;

'He

'He to the liberal *Oke* ne're quits his love,
'And when he finds no *Acorns*, grunts at *Jove*.
'The *Hampshire* Hog with *Pease* & *Whey* that's fed
'Sty'd up, is neither good alive nor dead.

13. 'The tendrels of the *Vine* are Sallads good,
'If when they are in season understood.

14. 'If Servants to thy Board a *Rabbet* bring,
'Be wise, and in the first place carve a Wing.

15. 'When Fish and Fowl are right, and at just age,
'A Feeders curiosity t' asswage,
'If any ask, who found the Mystery?
'Let him enquire no further, I am he.

16. 'Some fancy Bread out of the Oven hot:
'Variety 's the *Glutton*'s happiest lot.

17. 'It's not enough the *wine* you have be pure,
'But of your *Oyl* as well you ought be sure.

18. 'If any fault be in the *generous Wine*,
'Set it abroad all night, and 'twill refine,
'But never strein't, nor let it pass through *Linen*,
'*Wine* will be worse for that, as well as Women.

19. 'The

19. 'The Vintner that of *Malaga* and *Sherry*
'With damn'd ingredients patcheth up *Canary*,
'With *ſegregative* things, as *Pigeons* eggs,
'Strait purifies, and takes away the dregs.

20. 'An o're-charg'd Stomach roaſted *ſhrimps* (will eaſe,
'The Cure by *Lettuce* is worſe than the Diſeaſe.

21. 'To quicken Appetite it will behove ye
'To feed couragiouſly on good *Anchovie*.

22 '*Weſtphalia Ham*, and the *Bologna* Sawſage,
'For ſecond or third courſe will clear a paſſage,
'But *Lettuce* after Meals! fie on't, the Glutton
'Had better feed upon *Ram-ally* Mutton.

23. 'Twere worth one's while in Palace or in (Cottage,
'Right well to know the ſundry ſorts of *Pottage*;
'There is your *French* Pottage, *Nativity* broth,
'Yet that of *Fetter-lane* exceeds them both;
'About a limb of a departed *Tup*
'There may you ſee the green herbs boyling up,

'And

'And fat abundance o're the furnace float,
'Reſembling *Whale-Oyl* in a *Greenland* Boat.

24. 'The *Kentiſh* Pippin's beſt, I dare be bold,
'That ever Blew-Cap *Coſtard-monger* ſold.

25. 'Of *Grapes*, I like the *Raiſins of the Sun.*
'I was the Firſt immortal Glory won,
'By mincing *Pickled Herrings*, with theſe *Raiſin*
'And Apples; 'Twas I ſet the world a gazing,
'When once they taſted of this *Hogan* Fiſh,
'Pepper and Salt *enamelling* the Diſh.

26. ''Tis ill to purchaſe great Fiſh with great (matter,
'And then to ſerve it up in ſcanty Platter;
'Nor is it leſs unſeemly ſome believe,
'From Boy with *greaſie* fiſt *drink* to receive,
'But the Cup foul within's enough to make
'A *ſqueamiſh* creature puke and turn up *ſtomach.*

27. 'Then *Brooms* and *Napkins* and the *Flanders* (*Tyle*,
'Theſe muſt be had too, or the Feaſt you ſpoil,

'Things

'Things little thought on, and not very dear,
'And yet how much they coſt one in a year!
(ſable,
28. 'Would'ſt thou rub *Alabaſter* with hands
'Or ſpread a *Diaper* Cloth on dirty Table?
'*More coſt, more worſhip*: Come: be *a la mode*
'Embelliſh *Treat*, as thou would do an *Ode*.

Hor. *O learned Sir, how greedily I hear*
This elegant Diatriba *of good chear!*
Now by' all that's good, by all provant you love,
By ſturdy Chine of Beef, *and mighty* Jove;
I do conjure thy gravity, *let me ſee*
The man that made thee this Diſcovery;
For he that ſees th' Original*'s more happy*
Than him that draws by an ill-favour'd Copy,
O bring me to the man, I ſo admire!
The Flint *from whence brake forth theſe ſparks of fire,*
What ſatisfaction would the Viſion bring?
If ſweet the ſtream, much ſweeter is the ſpring.

The

The Disappointed.

Pindarique ODE.

Stanza I.

OFt have I ponder'd in my penſive heart,
When even from my ſelf I've ſtol'n away,
And heavily conſider'd many a day,
The cauſe of all my anguiſh, and my ſmart:
Sometimes beſides a ſhady grove,
(As dark as were my thoughts, as cloſe as was my (Love,)
Dejected have I walk'd alone,
Acquainting ſcarce my ſelf with my own moan.
Once I reſolv'd undauntedly to hear,
What 'twas my *Paſſions* had to ſay,
To find the reaſon of that uproar there,
And calmly, if I could, to end the fray:
No ſooner was my reſolution known
But I was all Confuſion.

Fierce

Fierce *Anger*, flattering *Hope*, and black *Deſpair*,
Bloody *Revenge*, and moſt ignoble *Fear*,
Now altogether clamorous were;
My breaſt a perfect *Chaos* grown,
A maſs of nameleſs things together hurl'd,
Like th' formleſs *Embrio* of the unborn world,
Juſt as it's rouzing from eternal night,
Before the great *Creator* ſaid, *Let there be Light*.

II.

Thrice happy then are beaſts, ſaid I,
That underneath theſe pleaſant Coverts lie,
They only ſleep, and eat, and drink,
They never meditate, nor think;
Or if they do, have not th' unhappy art
To vent the overflowings of their heart;
They without trouble live, without diſorder, die
Regardleſs of Eternity.
I ſaid, I would like them be wiſe,
And not perplex my ſelf in vain,
Nor bite th' uneaſie Chain,

No, no, ſaid I, I will *Philoſophize!*
And all th' ill-natur'd World deſpiſe:
But when I had reflected long,
And with deliberation thought
How few have practis'd, what they gravely (taught
(Tho' 'tis but folly to complain)
I judg'd it worth a generous diſdain,
And brave defiance in *Pindarique* Song.

ON
Mrs. *E. MONTAGUE's*
Bluſhing in the Croſs-Bath.
A Tranſlation.

I.

AMidſt the Nymphs (the glory of the flood)
Thus once the beauteous *Ægle* ſtood,
So ſweet a tincture ere the Sun appears,
The baſhful ruddy morning wears:

Thus

Thus through a Cryſtal wave the Coral glows,
And ſuch a Bluſh ſits on the Virgin Roſe.

II.

Ye envied Waters that with ſafety may
Around her ſnowy Boſom play,
Cheriſh with gentle heat that Noble Breſt
Which ſo much Innocence has bleſt,
Such Innocence, as hitherto ne'r knew
What Miſchief *Venus*, or her Son could do.
Then from this hallow'd place
Let the profane and wanton Eye withdraw,
For Virtue clad in Scarlet ſtrikes an aw
From the Tribunal of a lovely Face.

Il Infido.

I Breath 'tis true, wretch that I am, 'tis true;
But if to live, be only not to die;
If nothing in that bubble Life be gay,
But all t' a Tear muſt melt away;

Let Fools and Stoicks be cajol'd, ſay I:
Thou that lik'ſt Eaſe and Love, like me
When once the world ſays, ſarewel both, to thee,
What haſt thou more to do
Than in diſdain to ſay, Thou fooliſh world, Adieu!

II.

There was a time, Fool that I was! when I
Believ'd there might be ſomething here below,
A ſeeming Cordial to my drooping Heart
That might allay my bitter ſmart:
I call'd it *Friend*:——but O th' Inconſtancy
Of humane things! I try'd it long,
It's Love was fervent, and I fanci'd ſtrong:
But now I plainly ſee,
Or 'tis withdrawn, or elſe 'twas all Hypocriſie.

III.

I ſaw thy much eſtranged eyes, I ſaw
Falſe *Muſidore* thy formal alter'd Face,
When thou betray'dſt my ſeeming happineſs,

And

And coldly took'ſt my kind Addreſs:
But know that I will live; for in thy place
Heaven has provided for me now
A conſtant Friend, that dares not break a vow,
That *Friend* will I embrace,
And never more my overweening Love miſplace.

Il Immaturo.

EPITAPH.

BRave Youth, whoſe too too haſty Fate
His Glories did anticipate,
Whoſe active Soul had laid the great deſign
To emulate thoſe *Heroes* of his Line!
He ſhew'd the world how great a Man
Might be contracted to a Span;
How ſoon our teeming expectations fail,
How little tears and wiſhes can prevail:
Could life hold out with theſe ſupplies
He'd liv'd ſtill in his Parents eyes,
And this cold ſtone had ne'r ſaid, *Here he lies.*

ON

Mrs. *Dove*, Wife to the Reverend Dr. *Henry Dove*.

EPITAPH.

THIS thus——and thus farewel to all
Vain Mortals do Perfection call;
To Beauty, Goodneſs, Modeſty,
Sweet temper, and true Piety.
The reſt an Angels Pen muſt tell;
Long, Long, beloved Duſt farewel.
Thoſe bleſſings which we highlieſt prize
Are ſooneſt raviſh't from our Eyes.

Lucretius.

SED jam nec Domus accipiet te læta, nec Uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oſcula nati
Præripere, & tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.

Paraphraſed

Paraphraſed.

WHen thou ſhalt leave this miſerable life,
Farewel thy houſe, farewel thy charming Wife,
Farewel for ever to thy Souls delight,
Quite blotted out in everlaſting night!
No more thy pretty darling Babes ſhall greet thee
By thy kind Name, nor ſtrive who firſt ſhall meet thee.
Their Kiſſes with a ſecret pleaſure ſhall not move thee!
For who ſhall ſay to thy dead Clay, I love thee!

On the Eminent
Dr. EDWARD BROWN'S
TRAVELS.

THus from a foreign Clime rich Merchants (come,
And thus unlade their Rarities at home:
Thus, undergo an acceptable toil,
With Treasures to enrich their native Soil.
They for themselves, for others you unfold
A Cargo swoln with Diamonds and Gold.
With Indefatigable Travels, they
The trading World; the Learned you survey;
And for renown with great *Columbus* vie,
In subterranean Cosmography.

ON

ON POVERTY.

I.

O Poverty! thou great & wiſe-man's School!
Miſtris of Arts! and ſcandal to the Fool!
Heav'ns ſacred Badge, which th' *Heroes* heretofore,
(Bright Caravans of Saints and Martyrs) wore,
To th' Hoſt Triumphant valiant Souls are ſent
From thoſe we call the Ragged Regiment:
Sure Guide to everlaſting Peace above,
Thou do'ſt th' impediments remove;
Th' unneceſſary Loads of Wealth and State,
Which make men ſwell too big for the ſtrait Gate.

II.

Thou happy Port, where we from ſtorms are free,
And need not fear (falſe world) thy Pyracy.

Hither

Hither for eaſe and ſhelter did retire
The buſie *Charles*, and wearied *Caſimire*;
Abjur'd their Thrones, and made a ſolemn Vow,
Their radiant heads to thee ſhould ever bow.
Why ſhould thy Tents ſo terrible appear
Where Monarchs Reformadoes were?
Why ſhould men call that ſtate of Life forlorn,
Which God approves of, and which Kings have (born?

III.

Mad Luxury! what do thy Vaſſals reap
From a Life's long debauch, but late to weep!
What the curs'd Miſer, who would fain Ape thee,
And wear thy Livery, *Great Poverty!*
The prudent Wretch for future Ages cares,
And hoards up ſins for his impatient Heirs!
Full little do's he think the time will come
When he is gone to his long Home,
The Prodigal Youth for whom he took ſuch pains
Shall be thy Slave, and wear thy loathed Chains.

IV.

IV.

Fair handmaid to Devotion, by whoſe aid,
Our ſouls are all diſrob'd, all naked laid,
In thy true Mirror men themſelves do ſee
Juſt what they are, not what they ſeem to be.
The flattering World miſrepreſents our face,
And cheats us with a Magnifying-Glaſs,
Our meanneſs nothing elſe does truly ſhow,
But only Death, but only Thou,
Who teach our minds above this Earth to fly,
And pant, and breath for Immortality.

Urania to her Friend *Partheniſſa*.

A

DREAM.

IN a ſoft Viſion of the night,
My Fancy repreſented to my ſight
A goodly gentle Shade;

Me-

Methought it mov'd with a Majeſtick Grace,
But the ſurprizing ſweetneſs of it's Face
Made me amaz'd, made me afraid:
I found a ſecret ſhivering in my heart,
Such as Friends feel that Meet or Part:
Approaching nearer with a timerous eye,
Is then my *Partheniſſa* Dead, ſaid I?
Ah *Partheniſſa!* if thou yet are kind,
As kind as when like me, Thou mortal wert,
When thou, and I had equal ſhare in either's heart,
How canſt thou bear that I am left behind!
Dear *Partheniſſa!* O thoſe pleaſant hours,
That bleſt our innocent Amours!
When in the common Treaſury of one Breaſt,
All that was Thine or Mine did reſt.
Dear *Partheniſſa!*—Friend! what ſhall I ſay?
Ah ſpeak to thy *Urania!*
O envious Death! nothing but thee I fear'd,
No other Rival could eſtrange
Her Soul from mine or make a Change.

Scarce

Scarce had I ſpoke my paſſionate fears,
And overwhelm'd my ſelf in tears:
But *Partheniſſa* ſmil'd, and then ſhe diſappear'd.

On the Death of the Earl of ROCHESTER.

Paſtoral.

I.

As on his death-bed gaſping *Strephon* lay,
Strephon the wonder of the Plains,
The nobleſt of th' *Arcadian* Swains;
Strephon the Bold, the Witty, and the Gay:
With many a ſigh and many a tear he ſaid,
Remember me, ye Shepherds, when I'm dead.

II.

Ye trifling Glories of this world, Adieu,
And vain applauſes of the Age;
For when we quit this Earthly Stage,
Believe me, Shepherds, for I tell you true;

Thoſe

Thoſe pleaſures which from virtuous deeds we have,
Procure the ſweeteſt ſlumbers in the Grave.

III.

Then ſince your fatal Hour muſt ſurely come,
Surely your heads lie low as mine,
Your bright Meridian Sun decline;
Beſeech the mighty *Pan* to guard you home,
If to *Elyzium* you would happy flie,
Live not like *Strephon*, but like *Strephon* die.

In obitum illuſtriſſimi, ingenioſiſſimique

JOANNIS, Comitis ROFFENSIS,

Carmen Paſtorale,

Verſu Leonino *redditum.*

I.

LE*cto proſtratus* Strephon *moribundus,*
Planitierum Strephon *decus*
Princeps curantium pecus,
Audax, facetus, Strephon *& jucundus,*

Lugent

Lugens paſtoribus ſic eſt affatus
Memimini mei cum migratus.

II.

Honores mundi futiles valete,
Plaudite ævi & fucata,
Mortali ſcenâ nam mutatâ
Fidem veriloquo adhibete
Voluptas profluens ex virtute
Solâ obdormiſcit cum ſalute.

III.

Cum nulla in mortem ſit medela,
In terram capita cuncta incurvabunt,
Soles micantes declinabunt,
Pan *ſupplicetor pro tutelâ*
Beatorum ut recipiant chori:
Strephon *non doceat vivere ſed mori.*

ON Dr. WOODFORD'S PARAPHRASE ON THE CANTICLES.

I.

WEll! since it must be, so let it be,
For what do Resolutions signifie,
When we are urg'd to write by Destiny?

II.

I had resolv'd, nay, and I almost swore,
My bedrid Muse should walk abroad no more:
Alas! 'tis more than time that I give o're.

III.

In the Recesses of a private Breast,
I thought to entertain your charming Guest,
And never to have boasted of my Feast.

IV.

IV.

But ſee (my friend) when through the world you go,
My Laquy-Verſe muſt ſhadow-like purſue,
Thin, and Obſcure to make a Foil for you.

V.

'Tis true, you cannot need my feeble Praiſe,
A laſting Monument to your Name to raiſe,
Well-known in Heav'n by your Angeliqu' Lays.

VI.

There in indelible Characters they are writ,
Where no pretended Heights will eaſie ſit,
But thoſe of ſerious conſecrated Wit.

VII.

By immaterial defecated Love,
Your Soul its Heavenly Origin do's prove,
And in leaſt dangerous Raptures ſoars above.

VIII.

How could I wiſh (dear Friend!) unſaid agen
(For once I rank'd my ſelf with tuneful men)
Whatever dropt from my unhallowed Pen!

VIII.

The trifling Rage of youthful heat, once paſt,
Who is not troubled for his wit miſplac'd!
All pleaſant Follies breed regret at laſt.

X.

While Reverend *Donn*'s, and noble *Herbert*'s Flame
A glorious immortality ſhall claim,
In the moſt durable Records of Fame,

XI.

Our modiſh Rhimes, like Culinary Fire,
Unctuous and Earthy, ſhall in ſmoak expire;
In odorous Clouds your Incenſe ſhall aſpire.

VII.

Let th' *Pagan*-world your pious verſe defie,
Yet ſhall they envy when they come to die,
Your wiſer Projects on Eternity.

LAODAMIA

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS.

ONE OF

OVID'S

Epiſtles Tranſlated.

The ARGUMENT.

Proteſilaus *lying Windbound at* Aulis, *in the Grecian Fleet, deſign'd for the Trojan War, his Wife* Laodamia *ſends this following Epiſtle to him.*

HEalth to the gentle Man of War, and may
What *Laodamia* ſends, the Gods convey.
The Wind that ſtill in *Aulis* holds my Dear,
Why was it not ſo croſs to keep him here?
Let the Wind raiſe an *Hurricane* at Sea,
Were he but ſafe and warm aſhore with me.
Ten thouſand kiſſes I had more to give him,
Ten thouſand cautions, and ſoft words to leave him:

In haſt he left me, ſummon'd by the Wind,
(The Wind to barbarous Mariners only kind.)
The Seamans pleaſure is the Lovers pain,
(*Proteſilaus* from my boſome tane!)
As from my faultering tongue half ſpeeches fell,
Scarce could I ſpeak that wounding word *Farewel*,
A merry Gale (at Sea they call it ſo)
Fill'd every Sail with joy, my breſt with wo,
There went my dear *Proteſilaus*——
While I could ſee Thee, full of eager pain,
My greedy eyes epicuriz'd on Thine,
When Thee no more, but thy ſpread Sails I view,
I lookt, and lookt, till I had loſt them too;
But when nor Thee, nor them I could deſcry,
And all was Sea that came within my eye,
They ſay (for I have quite forgot) they ſay
I ſtrait grew pale, and fainted quite away;
Compaſſionate *Iphiclus*, and the good old man,
My Mother too to my aſſiſtance ran;

In

In haſt cold water on my Face they threw,
And brought me to my ſelf with much ado.
They meant it well, to me it ſeem'd not ſo,
Much kinder had they been to let me go;
My anguiſh with my Soul together came,
And in my heart burſt out the former flame:
Since which, my uncomb'd locks unheeded flow,
Undreſt, forlorn, I care not how I go;
Inſpir'd with Wine, thus *Bacchus* frolick rout
Stagger'd of old, and ſtraggled all about.
Put on, put on, the happy Ladies ſay,
Thy Royal Robes, fair *Laodamia*.
Alas! before *Troys* Walls my Dear does lie,
What pleaſure can I take in *Tyrian* die?
Shall Curls adorn my head, an Helmet thine?
I in bright Tiſſues, thou in Armour ſhine?
Rather with ſtudied negligence I'll be
As ill, if not diſguiſed worſe than thee.
O *Paris!* rais'd by ruins! may'ſt thou prove
As fatal in thy War, as in thy Love!

O that the *Grecian Dame* had been leſs fair,
Or thou leſs lovely hadſt appear'd to Her!
O *Menelaus!* timely ceaſe to ſtrive,
With how much blood wilt thou thy loſs retrieve?
From me, ye Gods, avert your heavy doom,
And bring my Dear, laden with Laurels home:
But my heart fails me, when I think of War,
The ſad reflection coſts me many a tear:
I tremble when I hear the very name
Of every place where thou ſhalt fight for fame;
Beſides th' adventurous Raviſher well knew
The ſafeſt Arts his Villany to purſue;
In noble dreſs he did her heart ſurprize,
With gold he dazled her unguarded Eyes,
He backt his Rape with Ships and armed Men,
Thus ſtorm'd, thus took the beauteous Fortreſs in.
Againſt the power of Love and force of Arms
There's no ſecurity in the brighteſt Charms.
Hector I fear, much do I *Hector* fear,
A Man (they ſay) experienc'd in War,

My

My Dear, if thou haſt any love for me,
Of that ſame *Hector* prithee mindful be;
Fly him be ſure, and every other Foe,
Leſt each of them ſhould prove an *Hector* too.
Remember, when for fight thou ſhalt prepare,
Thy *Laodamia* charg'd thee, Have a care;
For what wounds thou receiv'ſt, are giv'n to her.
If by thy valour *Troy* muſt ruin'd be,
May not the ruin leave one Scar on thee;
Sharer in th' honour, from the danger free!
Let *Menelaus* fight, and force his way
Through the falſe *Raviſhers* Troops t' his *Helena*.
Great be his Victory, as his Cauſe is good.
May he ſwim to her in his Enemies Blood.
Thy Caſe is different,—may'ſt thou live to ſee
(Deareſt) no other Combatant but me!
Ye generous *Trojans*, turn your Swords away
From his dear Breaſt, find out a nobler Prey,
Why ſhould you harmleſs *Laodamia* ſlay?

My poor good natur'd Man did never know
What 'tis to fight, or how to face a Foe;
Yet in Loves Field what wonders can he do?
Great is his Proweſs and his Fortune too;
Let them go fight, who know not how to woo.

Now I muſt own, I fear'd to let thee go,
My trembling Lips had almoſt told thee ſo.
When from thy Father's houſe thou didſt withdraw,
Thy fatal ſtumble at the door I ſaw,
I ſaw it, ſigh'd, and pray'd the ſign might be
Of thy return a happy Prophecy!
I cannot but acquaint thee with my fear,
Be not too brave,—Remember,—Have a care,
And all my dreads will vaniſh into Air.

Among the *Grecians* ſome one muſt be found
That firſt ſhall ſet his foot on *Trojan* ground;
Unhappy ſhe that ſhall his loſs bewail,
Grant, O ye Gods, thy courage then may fail.

Of all the Ships be thine the very laſt,
Thou the laſt Man that lands; there needs no haſt

To

To meet a potent, and a treacherous Foe;
Thou'lt land I fear too ſoon, tho' ne'r ſo ſlow.
At thy Return ply every Sail and Oar,
And nimbly leap on thy deſerted ſhore.

All the day long, and all the lonely night,
Black thoughts of thee my anxious Soul affright:
Darkneſs, to other Womens pleaſures kind,
Augments, like Hell, the torments of my mind.
I court e'en Dreams, on my forſaken Bed,
Falſe Joys muſt ſerve, ſince all my true are fled.
What's that ſame aiery *Phantom* ſo like thee!
What wailings do I hear, what paleneſs ſee?
I wake, and hug my ſelf, 'tis but a Dream.—
The *Grecian* Altars know I feed their flame,
The want of hallow'd Wine my tears ſupply,
Which make the ſacred fire burn bright and high.

When ſhall I claſp thee in theſe Arms of mine,
Theſe longing Arms, and lie diſſolv'd in thine?
When ſhall I have thee by thy ſelf alone,
To learn the wondrous Actions thou haſt done?

Which when in rapturous words thou haſt begun
With many, and many a kiſs, prithee tell on,
Such interruptions grateful pauſes are,
A Kiſs in Story's but an Halt in War.

But, when I think of *Troy*, of winds and waves,
I fear the pleaſant dream my hope deceives:
Contrary winds in *Port* detain thee too,
In ſpight of wind and tide why wouldſt thou go?
Thus, to thy Country thou wouldſt hardly come,
In ſpight of wind and tide thou went'ſt from home.
To his own City *Neptune* ſtops the way,
Revere the *Omen*, and the Gods obey.
Return ye furious *Grecians*, homeward fly,
Your ſtay is not of Chance, but Deſtiny:
How can your Arms expect deſir'd ſucceſs,
That thus contend for an *Adultereſs*?
But, let not me foreſpeak you, no,——ſet Sail,
And Heav'n befriend you with a proſperous gale!

Ye *Trojans!* with regret methinks I ſee
Your firſt encounter with your Enemy;

I ſee

I ſee fair *Helen* put on all her Charms,
To buckle on her luſty Bridegroom's Arms;
She gives him Arms, and kiſſes ſhe receives,
(I hate the tranſports each to other gives.)
She leads him forth, and ſhe commands him come
Safely victorious, and triumphant home;
And he (no doubt) will make no nice delay,
But diligently do what e're ſhe ſay.
Now he returns!—ſee with what amorous ſpeed
She takes the pond'rous Helmet from his head,
And courts the weary Champion to her Bed.
We Women, too too credulous alas!
Think what we fear will ſurely come to paſs.
Yet, while before the Leaguer thou doſt lie,
Thy *Picture* is ſome pleaſure to my Eye;
That, I careſs in words moſt kind and free,
And lodge it on my Breaſt, as I would Thee.
There muſt be ſomething in it more than Art,
Twere very Thee, could it thy mind impart;

I kiſs

I kiſs the pretty *Idol*, and complain,
As if (like Thee) 't would anſwer me again.
By thy return, by thy dear Self, I ſwear,
By our Loves Vows, which moſt religious are,
By thy beloved Head, and thoſe gray Hairs
Which time may on it Snow in future years,
I come, where e'r thy Fate ſhall bid Thee go,
Eternal Partner of thy Weal and Woe,
So thou but live, tho all the Gods ſay No.
Farewel,—but prethee very careful be
Of thy beloved Self (I mean) of me.

TO

TO THE

Excellent Maſter of MUSICK

SEIGNIOR

PIETRO REGGIO,

On His Book of

SONGS.

THo to advance thy Fame, full well I know
How very little my dull Pen can do;
Yet, with all deference, I gladly wait,
Enthrong'd amongſt th' attendants on thy State:
Thus when *Arion*, by his Friends betray'd,
Upon his Underſtanding-*Dolphin* play'd,
The Scaly People their Reſentments ſhow'd
By pleas'd Levaltoes on the wondring ſloud.
Great Artiſt! Thou deſerv'ſt our loudeſt Praiſe
From th' Garland to the meaneſt branch of Bays;

For

For Poets can but *Say*, Thou mak'ſt them *Sing*,
And th' Embrio-words doſt to Perfection bring;
By us the Muſe conceives, but when that's done,
Thy Midwifry makes fit to ſee the Sun;
Our naked Lines, dreſt, and adorn'd by Thee,
Aſſume a Beauty, Pomp, and Bravery;
So awful and majeſtick they appear,
They need not bluſh to reach a Prince's ear.
Princes tho to poor Poets ſeldom kind,
Their Numbers turn'd to Air, with pleaſure mind.
Studied and labour'd tho our Poems be
Alas! they die unheeded without Thee,
Whoſe Art can make our breathleſs Labours live,
Spirit and everlaſting Vigour give.
Whether we write of *Heroes and of Kings*,
In Mighty Numbers, Mighty Things,
Or in an humble *Ode* expreſs our Senſe
Of th' happy ſtate of Eaſe and Innocence;
A Country Life where the contented Swain
Hugs his Dear Peace, and does a Crown diſdain;

Thy

Thy dextrous *Notes* with all our Thoughts comply,
Can creep on Earth, can up to Heaven flie;
In Heights and Cadences, ſo ſweet, ſo ſtrong.
They ſuit a Shepherds Reed, an Angels Tongue.
——————But who can comprehend
The raptures of thy voice, and miracles of thy hand?

EPITAPH

On the Incomparable

Sir JOHN KING

IN THE

Temple-Church.

HEic *juxta jacet*
Johannes King *Miles*,
Sereniſſimo Carolo *Secundo*
In Legibus Angliæ *Conſultus*,
Illuſtriſſimo Jacobo *Duci* Eboracenſi
Sollicitator Generalis.

Qualis,

Qualis, Quantúſve ſis Lector,
Profundum obſtupeſce;
Labia digitis comprime,
Oculos lachrymis ſuffunde.
En! ad pedes tuos
Artis & Naturæ ſuprema Conamina,
Fatorum Ludibria!
Non ità pridem
Erat Iſte Pulvis omnifariàm Doctus,
Muſarum Gazophylacium,
Eloquentiam calluit, claram, puram, innocuam,
Legibus ſuæ Patriæ erat Inſtructiſſimus,
Suis charus, Principibus gratus, Omnibus urbanus,
Sui ſæculi
Ornamentum illuſtre, Deſiderium irreparabile.
Hinc diſce Lector,
Quantilla Mortalitatis Gloria
Splendidiſſimis decorata Dotibus.
Dulcem ſoporem agite
Dilecti, Eruditi, Beati Cineres!

Obiit Junii 29. 1677.
Ætat. 38.

ON

ON THE DEATH

Of my Dear Brother

Mr. *RICHARD FLATMAN.*

Pindariqu' Ode.

Stanza I.

UNhappy Muſe! employ'd ſo oft
On melancholy thoughts of Death,
What haſt Thou left ſo tender, and ſo ſoft
As thy poor Maſter fain would breath
O're this lamented Herſe?
No uſual flight of fancy can become
My ſorrows o're a *Brothers* Tomb.
O that I could be elegant in Tears,
That with Conceptions, not unworthy Thee,
Great as Thy merit, Vigorous as Thy years,

I might convey Thy *Elegy*
To th' Grief, and Envy of Poſterity!
A gentler Youth ne're Crown'd his Parents cares,
Or added ampler Joy to their grey Hairs:
Kind to his Friends, to his Relations Dear,
Eaſie to all.—Alas what is there Here
For Man to ſet his heart upon,
Since what we dote on moſt, is ſooneſt gone!
Ah me! I've loſt a ſweet Companion
A Friend, A Brother All in One!

II.

How did it chill my Soul to ſee thee lie
Strugling with pangs in thy laſt Agony!
When with a manly courage thou didſt brave
Approaching Death, and with a ſteddy mind
(Ever averſe to be confin'd)
Didſt triumph o're the Grave.
Thou mad'ſt no womaniſh moan,
But ſcorn'dſt to give one groan:

He

He that begs pitty is afraid to Die,
Only the Brave deſpiſe their Deſtiny.
But when I call to mind how thy kind Eyes
Were paſſionately fixt on mine,
How, when thy faultring Tongue gave o're,
And I could hear thy pleaſing Voice no more;
How, when I laid my Cheek to thine,
Kiſt thy pale lips, and preſt thy trembling Hand,
Thou, in return, ſmil'dſt gently in my Face,
And hugg'dſt me with a cloſe Embrace;
I am amaz'd, I am unmann'd.
Something extreamly kind I fain would ſay,
But through the tumult of my Breaſt,
With too officious Love oppreſt,
I find my feeble words can never force their way.

III.

Beloved Youth! What ſhall I do!
Once my Delight, my Torment now!
How immaturely art thou ſnatcht away!
But Heaven ſhines on thee with many a glorious ray

Of an unclouded, and immortal day,
Whilſt I lie groveling here below
In a dark ſtormy Night.
The bluſtring ſtorm of Life with thee is o're,
For thou art landed on that happy Shore,
Where thou canſt Hope, or Fear no more;
Thence with compaſſion thou ſhalt ſee
The Plagues, the Wars, the Fires, the Scarcity,
The Devaſtations of an Enemy,
From which thy early Fate has ſet thee free;
For when thou went'ſt to thy Long home,
Thou wert exempt from all the ills to come,
And ſhalt hereafter be
Spectator only of the Tragedy
Acted on frail Mortality.
So ſome one lucky Mariner
From ſhipwrack ſav'd by a propitious Star,
Advanc'd upon a neighb'ring Rock looks down,
And ſees far off his old Companions drown.

IV.

There in a ſtate of perfect eaſe,
Of never interrupted happineſs,
Thy large illuminated mind
Shall matter of eternal Wonder find;
There doſt thou clearly ſee, how, and from whence
The Stars communicate their influence,
The methods of th' Almighty Architect,
How he conſulted with himſelf alone
To lay the wondrous Corner-ſtone,
When He this goodly Fabrick did erect.
There, Thou doſt underſtand
The motions of the ſecret hand,
That guides th' inviſible Wheel,
Which here, we ne'r ſhall know, but ever feel;
There Providence, the vain mans laughing ſtock,
The miſerable good-mans ſtumbling block,
Unfolds the puzling Riddle to thy eyes,
And it's own wiſe contrivance juſtifies.
What timorous Man would n't be pleas'd to die,
To make ſo noble a diſcovery?

V.

And muſt I take my ſolemn leave
Till time ſhall be no more!
Can neither ſighs, nor tears, nor prayers retrieve
One chearful hour!
Muſt one unlucky moment ſever
Us, and our hopes, us and our joys for ever!—
Is this cold Clod of Earth that endear'd Thing
I lately did my Brother call?
Are theſe the Artful Fingers that might vie
With all the Sons of harmony
And overpower them all!
Is this the ſtudious comprehenſive head
With curious Arts ſo richly furniſhed!
Alas! Thou, and thy glories all are gone,
Buried in darkneſs, and oblivion.
'Tis ſo—and I muſt follow thee,
Yet but a little while, and I ſhall ſee thee,
Yet but a little while I ſhall be with thee,
Then ſome kind friend perhaps may drop one tear (for me.

CORIDON

On the death of his dear

ALEXIS,

Ob. Jan. 28. $168\frac{2}{3}$.

Paſtoral SONG.

Set by Dr. *BLOWE.*

ALexis! dear *Alexis!* lovely Boy!
O my *Damon!* O *Palæmon!* ſnatcht away,
To ſome far-diſtant Region gone,
Has left the miſerable *Coridon*
Bereſt of all his comforts, all alone!
Have you not ſeen my gentle Lad,
Whom every Swain did love,
Cheerful, when every Swain was ſad,
Beneath the melancholy Grove?

His face was beauteous as the dawn of day,
Broke through the gloomy ſhades of night:
O my anguiſh! my delight!
Him (ye kind Shepherds) I bewail,
Till my eyes, and heart ſhall fail.
Tis *He* that's landed on that diſtant ſhore,
And you and I, ſhall ſee him here no more.
Return *Alexis!* O return!
Return, return, in vain I cry;
Poor *Coridon* ſhall never ceaſe to mourn
Thy too untimely, cruel deſtiny.
Farewel for ever charming Boy!
And, with *Thee*, all the ttanſports of my Joy!
Ye powers above, why ſhould I longer live,
To waſte a few uncomfortable years,
To drown my ſelf in tears,
For what my ſighs, and pray'rs can ne'r retrieve?

A SONG
ON
Newyears-day before the King, Car. 2.

Set by Dr. *BLOWE*, 168$\frac{2}{3}$.

MY trembling Song! awake! ariſe!
And early tell thy tuneful Tale,
Tell thy great *Maſter*, that the Night is gone;
The feeble Phantoms diſappear,
And now the *New-Year's* welcom Sun
O're ſpreads the Eaſtern Skies;
He ſmiles on every Hill, hè ſmiles on every Vale.
His glories fill our Hemiſphere;
Tell him *Apollo* greets Him well,
And with his fellow *Wanderers* agrees
To reward all his labours, and lengthen his days.
In ſpight of the politick follies of Hell,
And vain contrivance of the deſtinies.

Tell

Tell *Him*, a *Crown of Thorns* no more
Shall *His* ſacred temples gore,
For all the rigours of *His* life are o're.
Wondrous *Prince!* deſign'd to ſhow
What noble minds can bravely undergo,
You are our wonder, you our love;
Earth from beneath, Heaven from above,
Call loud for Songs of Triumph, and of praiſe,
Their voices, and their ſouls they raiſe;
IO PÆAN do we ſing.
Long Live, Long Live the *King!*
Riſe mighty Monarch, and aſcend the Throne,
'Tis yet, once more your own,
For *Lucifer*, and all his Legions are o'rthrown:
Son of the Morning, firſt-born Son of Light,
How wert thou tumbled headlong down,
Into the dungeons of Eternal night!
While th' Loyal Stars of the Celeſtial Quire
Surrounded with immortal beams,
Mingle their unpolluted flames,

Their

Their juſt *Creator* to admire:
With awful reverence they adore Him,
Cover their faces, and fall down before Him;
And night and day for ever ſing
Hoſannah, *Hallelujah* to th' *Almighty King!*

ON
The *Kings* Return to *White-hall*, after his Summers Progreſs, 1684.

SONG.

Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

FRom thoſe ſerene, and rapturous joys
A Country life alone can give,
Exempt from tumult, and from noiſe,
Where *Kings* forget the troubles of their reigns,
And are almoſt as happy as their humble Swains,
By feeling that *they* live:

Be-

Behold th' indulgent *Prince* is come
To view the Conqueſts of *His* mercy ſhown
To the new Proſelytes of *His* mighty Town,
And men, and *Angels* bid *Him* welcome Home;
Not with an Helmet, or a glittring Spear
Do's *He* appear.
He boaſt no Trophies of a cruel Conqueror,
Brought back in triumph from a bloudy War;
But with an Olive branch adorn'd,
As once the long expected *Dove* return'd.
Welcom as ſoft refreſhing ſhow'rs:
That raiſe the ſickly heads of drooping flow'rs:
Welcom as early beams of light
To the benighted Traveller,
When he deſcries bright *Phoſphorus* from afar,
And all his fears are put to flight.
Welcome, more welcome does *He* come
Than life to *Lazarus* from his drouſie Tomb,
When in his winding ſheet, at his new birth,
The ſtrange ſurprizing word was ſaid—*Come forth!*

Not

Nor does the Sun more comfort bring,
When he turns Winter into Spring,
Than the bleſt Advent of a peaceful King.

Chorus.

With Trumpets and Shouts we receive the *Worlds Wonder*,
And let the Clouds eccho His welcome with thunder,
Such a Thunder as applauded what mortals had done,
When they fixt on *His* Brows *His* Imperial Crown.

TO

TO Mr. ISAAC WALTON.

On his Publication of

THEALMA.

LOng had the bright *Thealma* lain obſcure,
Her beauteous charms that might the world (allure,
Lay like rough Diamonds, in the Mine, unknown
By all the ſons of folly trampled on,
Till your kind hand unveil'd her lovely face,
And gave her vigour to exert her rays:
Happy old man, whoſe worth all mankind knows,
Except thy ſelf, who charitably ſhows
The ready road to Vertue, and to Praiſe,
The way to many long, and happy days;
The noble art of generous Piety,
And how to compaſs an Euthanaſie!

Hence

Hence did he learn the skill of living well,
The bright *Thealma* was his Oracle;
Inſpir'd by Her, he knows no anxious cares
In near a Century of happy years;
Eaſie he lives, and eaſie ſhall he lie
On the ſoft boſom of Eternity.
As as long *Spencers* noble flames ſhall burn,
And deep devotion ſhall attend his urn;
As long as *Chalk-hill*'s venerable name
With humble emulation ſhall enflame
Poſterity, and fill the Rolls of fame,
Your memory ſhall ever be ſecure,
And long beyond our ſhort-liv'd praiſe endure;
As *Phydias* in *Minerva*'s *ſhield* did live,
And ſhar'd that immortality he alone could give.

Paſtoral

Paſtoral Dialogue.

CASTARA and *PARTHENIA.*

Parthenia.

MY dear *Caſtara*, t'other day
I heard an ancient Shepherd ſay,
Alas for me! my time draws nigh,
And ſhortly, ſhortly I muſt die!
What meant the man? for lo! apace
Torrents of tears ran down his face.

Caſtara.

Poor harmleſs Maid! why wouldſt thou know,
What known, muſt needs create thee woe?
'Twill cloud the Sunſhine of thy days,
And in thy ſoul ſuch trouble raiſe,
Thou'lt grieve, and tremble, and complain,
And ſay that all thy beauty's vain.

Par-

Parthenia.

Ah me! ſure 'tis ſome dreadful thing
That can ſo great diſorder bring,
Yet tell me, prithee tell me, do,
For 'tis ſome eaſe the worſt to know.

Caſtara.

To die, (*Parthenia*) is to quit
The World, and the Suns glorious light,
To leave our flocks, and fields for ever,
To part, and never meet again, O never!
After that cruel hideous hour,
Thou, and I ſhall ſing no more;
In the cold Earth they will thee lay,
And what thou dot'ſt on ſhall be Clay.

Parthenia.

Alas! why will they uſe me ſo,
A Virgin that no evil do?

Caſtara.

Roſes wither, Turtles die,
Fair, and kind as Thou and I.

Chorus amb.

Then, ſince 'tis appointed to the duſt we muſt go;
Let us innocently live, and vertuouſly do,
Let us love, let us ſing, 'tis no matter, 'tis all one,
If our Lamps be extinguiſht at midnight or noon.

CASTA.

CASTABELLA

Going to Sea.

SONG.

Set by Mr. JAMES HART.

I.

HArk hark! methinks I hear the Seamen call,
The boiſtrous Seamen ſay,
Bright *Caſtabella*, come away!
The Wind ſits fair, the Veſſels ſtout and tall,
Bright *Caſtabella* come away!
For Time and Tide can never ſtay.

II.

Our mighty Maſter *Neptune* calls aloud,
The *Zephyrs* gently blow,
The *Tritons* cry you are too ſlow,
For every *Sea-nymph* of the glittering Croud,

Has Garlands ready to throw down
When you aſcend your watry Throne.

III.

See, ſee! ſhe comes, ſhe comes, and now adieu!
Let's bid adieu to ſhore,
And to all we fear'd before;
O *Caſtabella!* we depend on you,
On you our better fortunes lay,
Whoſe eyes and voice the winds and Seas obey.

On the Death of my worthy friend Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

Pindarique Paſtoral Ode.

Stanza I.

UNdoubtedly 'tis thy peculiar fate,
Ah miſerable *Aſtragon!*
Thou art condemn'd alone
To bear the burthen of a wretched life,

Still

Still in this howling wilderneſs to roam,
Whilſt all thy boſom friends unkindly go,
And leave thee to lament them here below.
Thy dear *Alexis* would n't ſtay,
Joy of thy life, and pleaſure of thine eyes,
Dear *Alexis* went away,
With an invincible ſurpriſe;
Th'angelick Youth early diſlik'd this ſtate,
And innocently yielded to his fate;
Never did Soul of a Celeſtial birth,
Inform a purer piece of Earth:
O! that 'twere not in vain,
To wiſh what's paſt might be retriev'd again!
Thy dotage, thy *Alexis* then
Had anſwer'd all thy vows and prayers,
And crown'd with pregnant joys thy ſilver hairs,
Lov'd to this day amongſt the living ſons of men.

II.

And thou, my friend, haſt left me too,
Menalcas! poor *Menalcas!* even Thou!
Of whom ſo loudly Fame has ſpoke
In the Records of her eternal book,
Whoſe diſregarded worth, ages to come,
Shall wail with indignation o're thy Tomb.
Worthy wert thou to live, as long as Vice,
Should need a Satyr, that the frantick Age
Might tremble at the laſh of thy Poëtick rage.
Th' untutour'd world in after times
May live uncenſur'd for their crimes,
Freed from the dreads of thy reforming Pen,
Turn to old *Chaos* once agen.
Of all th' inſtructive Bards, whoſe more than *Thean* lyre
Could ſalvage ſouls, with manly thoughts inſpire,
Menalcas worthy was to live:
Tell me ye mournful Swains,
Say you his fellow-ſhepherds that ſurvive,

Has

Has my ador'd *Menalcas* left behind
On all theſe penſive Plains
A gentler ſhepherd with a braver mind?
Which of you all did more Majeſtick ſhow,
Or wore the garland on a ſweeter Brow?

III.

But wayward *Aſtragon* reſolves no more
The death of his *Menalcas* to deplore,
The place to which he wiſely is withdrawn
Is altogether bleſt.
There, no clouds o'rewhelm his breſt,
No midnight cares ſhall break his reſt,
For all is everlaſting cheerful dawn.
The Poets charming bliſs,
Perfect eaſe and ſweet receſs,
There ſhall he long poſſeſs.
The treacherous world no more ſhall him deceive,
Of hope and fortune he has taken leave;
And now in mighty triumph does he reign

O're the unthinking Rabbles ſpite
(His head adorn'd with beams of light)
And the dull wealthy fools diſdain.
Thrice happy he, that dies the Muſes friend,
He needs no *Obeliſque*, no *Pyramid*
His ſacred duſt to hide,
He needs not for his memory to provide,
For well he knows his praiſe can never end.

ON

ON

Sir JOHN MICKLETHWAIT's

MONUMENT

In S. *Botolphs-Aldersgate-Church*, *LONDON.*

M. S.

Heic juxta, ſpe plenâ reſurgendi ſitum eſt
Depoſitum mortale
JOANNIS MICKLETHWAITE Equitis,
Sereniſſimo Principi Carolo II. *à* Medicinâ,
Qui cum primis ſolertiſſimus, fidiſſimus, feliciſſimus,
In Collegio Medicorum Londinenſium
Luſtrum integrum, & quod excurrit
Præſidis *Provinciam digniſſimè ornavit:*
Et tandem emenſo ætatis tranquillæ ſtadio,
Pietate ſincerâ,
Inconcuſſâ vitæ integritate,
Benignâ morum ſuavitate,

Sparsâ

Sparsâ paſſim Philanthrophiâ
Spectabilis;
Miſerorum Aſylum,
Maritus optimus,
Parens indulgentiſſimus
Suorum luctus,
Bonorum omnium Amor, & Deliciæ,
Septuagenarius ſenex,
Cœlo maturus,
Fato non invitus ceſſit
IV Kal. Auguſti Anno ſalutis MDCLXXXII.
Cætera loquantur
Languentium deploranda ſuſpiria,
Viduarum, ac Orphanorum
Propter amiſſum Patronum profundi gemitus,
Pauperúmque,
Nudorum jam, atque eſurientium
Importuna Viſcera,
Monumenta, hoc marmore longè perenniora.
Mœrens poſuit pientiſſima Conjunx.

M. S.

M. S.

Heic juxtà jacet

THOMAS ROCK *Armg. Salopienſis,*

Vitâ functus Januarii 3. *Ætat.* 62. 1678.

En Lector!

Cinerem non vulgarem,

Virum verè magnum,

Si priſca fides, pietaſque primæva,

Si amicitiæ fœdera ſtrictiſſima,

Si pectus candidum, & ſincerum,

Ac integerrima Vita,

Virum verè magnum conflare poterint.

En hominem Cordatum!

Calamitoſæ Majeſtatis

(Furente nuperâ perduellium rabie)

Strenuum aſſertorem,

Obſtinatum Vindicem!

S.

En

En animæ generoſæ quantillum Ergaſtulum!
O charum Deo Depoſitum!
Veſtrûm undequaquàm Inopes,
Veſtrûm quotcunque Viri præſtantiores,
Dolorem inconſolabilem,
Deſiderium, in omne ævum, irreparabile!

ON

On the DEATH OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE RUPERT:

Pindarique Ode.

STANZA I.

MAn ſurely is not what he ſeems to be;
Surely our ſelves we over-rate,
Forgetting that like other Creatures, we
Muſt bend our heads to Fate.
Lord of the whole Creation, MAN,
(How big the Title ſhews!)
Trifles away a few uncertain Years,
Cheated with Hopes, and rackt with Fears,
Through all Lifes little Span,
Then down to ſilence, and to darkneſs goes;

And

And when we Die, the Croud that trembling ſtood
E're while ſtruck with the terror of a Nod,
Shake off their wonted reverence with their Chains,
And at their pleaſure uſe our poor Remains.
Ah mighty Prince!
Whom laviſh Nature, and induſtrious Art
Had fitted for Immortal Fame,
Their utmoſt Bounty could no more impart;
How comes it that Thy venerable Name
Should be ſubmitted to my Theme?
Unkindly baulkt by the prime skilful men,
Abandon'd to be ſully'd by ſo mean a Pen!
Tell me, ye skilful men, if you have read
In all the fair Memorials of the Dead,
A Name ſo formidably Great,
So full of Wonders, and unenvi'd Love,
In which all Vertues, and all Graces ſtrove,
So terrible, and yet ſo ſweet;
Shew me a Star in Honours Firmament,
(Of the firſt magnitude let it be)

That

That from the darkneſs of this World made free,
A brighter luſtre to this World has lent.
Ye men of reading, ſhew me one,
That ſhines with ſuch a beam as *His*.
Rupert's a Conſtellation,
Outvies *Arcturus*, and the *Pleïades*.
And if the *Julian* Star of old out-ſhone
The leſſer Fires, as much as them the Moon,
Poſterity perhaps will wonder why
An Heroe more divine than He
Should leave (after his *Apotheoſis*)
No Gleam of light in all the *Galaxie*
Bright as the Sun in the full blaze of Noon.

III.

How ſhall my trembling Muſe thy Praiſe reherſe!
Thy Praiſe too lofty e'vn for *Pindar*'s Verſe!
Whence ſhall ſhe take her daring flight,
That ſhe may ſoar aloft
In numbers maſculine and ſoft,
In numbers adæquate

To

To thy Renowns Cœleſtial height!
If from thy Noble Pedigree,
The Royal Bloud that ſparkled in thy Veins
A low Plebeian Eulogy diſdains,
And he blaſphemes that meanly writes of *Thee*.
If from thy Martial Deeds ſhe boldly riſe,
And ſing thy valiant Infancy,
Rebellious *Britain* after felt full well,
Thou from thy Cradle wert a Miracle.
Swadled in Armour, Drums appeas'd thy Cries,
And the ſhrill Trumpet ſung thy Lullabies.
The Babe *Alcides* thus, gave early proof
In the firſt dawning of his Youth,
When with his tender hand the Snakes he ſlew,
What Monſters in his riper Years he would ſubdue.

IV.

Great *Prince*, in whom *Mars* and *Minerva* join'd
Their laſt efforts to frame a mighty Mind,
A Pattern for Brave men to come, deſign'd:
How did the Rebel-Troops before thee fly!

How

How of thy Genius ſtand in aw!
When from the ſulphurous Cloud
Thou in Thunder gav'ſt aloud
Thy dreadful Law
To the preſumptuous Enemy.
In vain their traiterous Enſigns they diſplaid,
In vain they fought, in vain they pray'd,
At thy victorious Arms diſmaid.
Till Providence for Cauſes yet unknown,
Cauſes myſterious and deep,
Conniv'd a while, as if aſleep,
And ſeem'd its dear *Anointed* to diſown;
The proſperous Villany triumph'd o're the Crown,
And hurl'd the beſt of Monarchs from his Throne.
O tell it not in *Gath*, nor *Aſcalon!*
The beſt of Monarchs fell by impious Power,
Th' unſpotted Victim for the guilty bled.
He bow'd, he fell, there where he bow'd he fell down (dead;
Baptiz'd Bleſt Martyr in his ſacred gore.

V.

Nor could thoſe tempeſts in the giddy State,
O mighty *Prince*, thy Loyalty abate.
Though put to flight, thou fought'ſt the *Parthian* (way,
And ſtill the ſame appear'dſt to be
Among the Beaſts, and ſcaly Fry,
A *Behemoth* on Land, and a *Leviathan* at Sea;
Still, wert thou Brave, ſtill wert thou Good,
Still firm to thy Allegiance ſtood
Amidſt the foamings of the popular floud.
(*Cato* with ſuch a conſtancy of mind,
Eſpous'd that Cauſe which all his Gods declin'd.)
Till gentler Stars amaz'd to ſee
Thy matchleſs and undaunted Bravery,
Bluſht and brought back the murthered Father's Son,
Leſt thou ſhouldſt plant him in th' Imperial Throne,
Thou with thy ſingle hand alone.
He that forgets the Glories of that Day,
When CHARLES the Merciful return'd,

Ne'r

Ne'r felt the tranſports of glad *Sion's* Joy,
When ſhe had long in duſt and aſhes mourn'd:
He never underſtood with what ſurprize
She open'd her aſtoniſh'd eyes
To ſee the goodly Fabrick of the ſecond *Temple* riſe.

VI.

When CHARLES the Merciful his Entrance made
The Day was all around ſerene,
Not one ill-boding Cloud was ſeen
To caſt a gloomy ſhade
On the triumphal Cavalcade.
In that, his firſt, and happy Scene,
The Pow'rs above foretold his Halcyon Reign,
In which, like them, He evermore ſhould prove
The kindeſt methods of Almighty Love:
And when black Crimes His Juſtice ſhould conſtrain,
His pious Breſt ſhould ſhare the Criminals pain:
Fierce as the Lion can he be, and gentle as the Dove.
Here ſtop my Muſe, — the reſt let Angels ſing,
Some of thoſe Angels, who with conſtant care

To His Pavilion, near attendants are,
A Life-guard giv'n him by th' Omnipotent King,
Th' Omnipotent King, whoſe Character He bears,
Whoſe Diadem on Earth he wears;
And may he wear it long, for many, many years.

VII.

And now (illuſtrious Ghoſt!) what ſhall we ſay?
What Tribute to thy precious memory pay?
Thy Death confounds, and ſtrikes all Sorrows dumb.
Kingdoms and Empires make their moan,
Reſcu'd by thee from Deſolation;
In Pilgrimage hereafter ſhall they come,
And make their Offerings before thy Tomb,
Great *Prince*, ſo fear'd abroad, and ſo ador'd at home.
Jove's Bird that durſt of late confront the Sun,
And in the wanton *German* Banners plaid,
Now hangs her Wing, and droops her Head,
Now recollects the Battels thou haſt won,
And calls too late to thee for aid.
All Chriſtendom deplores the loſs,

Whilſt

Whilſt bloudy *Mahomet* like a Whirl-wind flies,
And inſolently braves the ill-befriended Croſs.
Europe in bloud, and in confuſion lies,
Thou in an eaſie good old age,
Remov'd from this tumultuous Stage,
Sleep'ſt unconcern'd at all its Rage,
Secure of Fame, and from Detraction free:
He that to greater happineſs would attain,
Or towards Heav'n would ſwifter fly,
Muſt be much more than mortal man,
And never condeſcend to Die.

Dec. 13. 1682.

POEMA

In OBITUM

ILLUSTRISSIMI PRINCIPIS

RUPERTI

LATINE REDDITUM

Non carmine PINDARICO (ut illud) sed, (ut vocatur,)

LAPIDARIO

(Quod est medium inter Oratoriam & Poesin)
Videsis *Emanuelem Thesaurum*, in *Patriarchis.*

AUTHORE ANONYMO.

I.

PRoculdubiò non sumus quod videmur,
Et nosmet ipsos æquo plus æstimamus,
Obliti quod, veluti Creatis omnibus,
Et nobis etiam Fato succumbendum.

Homo

Homo, *totius Terrarum Orbis Dominus,*
(Heu quàm ſuperbè, quam faſtuoſè ſonat!)
Paucos & incertos illudit annos,
Nunc ſpe deceptus, nunc metu cruciatus,
Per anguſtum Vitæ curriculum,
Tandem ad taciturnas labitur Tenebras.
Et quandò morimur, quam citò Turba tremula,
Jamdudum Nutûs terrore percita,
Venerationem ſolitam (cum Catenis) exuunt
Et, ad libitum deſpectas tractant Reliquias.
Potentiſſime Princeps!
Quem prodiga Natura, & Ars induſtria
Ad celebritatem immortalem adaptâſſent,
Cui plus addere non valuit ipſius ultima Benignitas;
Unde venit quod Nomen tuum Venerandum,
Themati meo proſtitueretur?
Per Viros Doctiores ingratè neglectum,
Et indoctâ meâ Muſâ deliniri relictum!

II.

Dicite mihi, Viri peritiores, ſi legiſtis
In pulchris Mortuorum Catalogis,
Nomen adeò formidatè Magnum,
Tantis Mirâclis & inæmulo amore refertum;
In quo omnes Charites & Virtutes concertârunt.
Adeò terribile, & adeò dulce Nomen.
Oſtendite mihi Stellam in Firmamento Honoris
(Sit etiam Primæ Magnitudinis)
Quæ à tenebris hujus Mundi erepta
Majorem Mundo fulgorem præſtitit;
O Viri eruditi, oſtendite mihi unam,
Quæ tam ſplendido Radio effulget.
Rupertus, *eſt, Conſtellatio,*
Prælucens Arcturum & Pleiades.
Et ſi olim Stella Juliana *præfulſit*
Ignes minores, quantum illos Luna,
Poſteritas forſitan mirabitur, quare
Hero illo multo Divinior,

Nullum

Nullum (*poſt ejus* Apotheoſin)
In Galaxîa *jubar relinqueret*
Sole clarius Meridionali.

III.

Quo pacto Muſa mea tremens laudes tuas recitabit?
Laudes tuas, etiam Pindari *Carmine excelſiores!*
Unde volatum ſumet audacem,
Ut in altum ſublevetur
In Numeris Maſculis & Blandis,
In numeris adæquatis
Cœleſti Famæ tuæ ſublimitati?
Si à Nobili tuâ Genealogiâ
Sanguis Regalis *in Venis tuis ſcintillans*
Humilem & Plebeiam dedignatur Eulogiam,
(*Nam de* Te *modice loquens Blaſphemat*)
Si à claris Bellicis facinoribus incipiet,
Et Virilia incunabula decantet,
Rebellis jamdudum ſentivit Britannia,
Quantis Mirandis Cunæ tuæ claruere,
Loricis faſciatus, Tympana lachrymas demulſerunt,

Et

Et Tubarum clangores ſomnum allicierunt:
Sic olim Alcides *præmaturum dedit ſpecimen*
In primo Infantiæ Diluculo,
Angues teneribus collidens manibus
Qualia in ætate provectâ ſuperaret Monſtra.

IV.

Auguſte Princeps, in quo Mars *&* Minerva *ſuas*
Vires contulere ingentem formare Animum
Præclaris Poſteris in Exemplar deſignatum,
Quoties Turmæ Rebelles coram te profugerunt
Genii tui Numine terrefactæ?
Cum de Nube Sulphureâ
Fulminibus dediſti ſonoris
Leges tuas tremendas
Perduellibus inſolentibus,
Fruſtra vexilla explicârunt perfida
Fruſtra pugnârunt, fruſtra fuderunt preces,
Armis tuis Victricibus attonitæ.
Donec Superi, cauſis adhuc incognitis
Cauſis ſecretis & profundis

Connivêre

Connivêre paulisper, quasi obdormientes,
Et peramatum Christum *suum dereliquisse videbantur.*
In Coronam triumphavit prosperum Nefas
Et Regum optimum à Solio deturbavit,
Ne annuntietis hoc in Gath *aut* Ascalon,
Monarcharum optimus impiâ vi corruit,
Immaculata Victima pro Sontibus fudit sanguinem;
Inclinavit se, cecidit, ubi inclinaverat cecidit mortuus
Martyr *beatus in Sacro suo Cruore Baptisatus.*

V.

Nec valuerunt Turbines in Anarchiâ istâ vertiginosâ,
Invicte Princeps, fidelitatem tuam vibrare,
Nam retrocedens pugnasti more Parthico,
Et semper Idem remansisti,
Inter pecora, & pisces squammosas,
In terrâ Behemoth, *in mari* Leviathan:
Infractus adhuc & adhuc Bonus
Fidelitati firmiter perseveraſti
Inter fremitus Fluctuum Popularium.
Sic olim Cato *pari animi constantiâ*

Causam

Causam desponsavit, quam Dii omnes repudiârunt.
Donec Planetæ benigniores, stupentes aspicere
Imparilem & impavidam tuam fortitudinem,
Erubuerunt, & Percussi Patris filium reduxerunt,
Ne tu illum in Solio Imperiali collocares,
Tu unicâ tuâ manu solus.
Qui Solis istius splendores oblitus fuerit
Quo Clementissimus redivit Carolus,
Nunquam sentivit lætæ Siônis *gaudia*
Cum diu pulvere & cineribus lugisset;
Nunquam intellexit quali Raptu
Oculos extollebat attonitos
Templi Secundi Structuram renascentem videns.

VI.

Cum Carolus Clemens *introitum fecit*
Cælum erat undique serenum,
Nulla male-ominosa Nubes apparuit
Umbram dare tenebricosam,
In Equitatum istum Triumphalem.
In illa primâ & felici Scenâ

Prædixere

Prædixere Superi Regimen ejus Halcyoneum
In quo ſicut illi, in æternum probaret
Benigniſſimas Methodos præpotentis Amoris.
Et cum magna flagitia Vindictam ejus provocarent;
Pectus ejus humanius Rei compateretur pœnas.
Ut Leo ferox, mitis ut Columba.
Hic ſileat Muſa — quod reliquum eſt (prædicent Angeli
Angeli *iſti qui aſſiduâ curâ*
Tentorio ejus quam proxime inſerviunt,
Samotophylaces à Rege Omnipotente delegati,
A Rege Omnipotente, cujus Majeſtatem præfert,
Cujus in terrâ gerit Diadema
Et diu gerat per multos, multos annos.

VII.

Quid autem, (Illuſtris Anima) *quid dicemus?*
Quale Tributum Piæ tuæ Memoriæ ſolvemus?
Mors tua obtundit & mutum reddit Dolorem.
Regna & Imperia lugubres planctus faciunt
Ab extremâ Ruinâ per te redempta.
Poſthac è longe Peregrinantes venient,

Et

Et ad Tumulum tuum Oblationes tribuent,
O Magne Princeps *foris verende, & domi venerate!*
Jovis Ales, qui dudum Solem tentare ausus est,
Et in mollibus Germanorum *lusit vexillis,*
Nunc alas demittit, & caput declinat,
Nunc repetit Victorias à Te *potitas,*
Et serò nimis tuum implorat auxilium.
Orbis Christianus *deplorat Damnum,*
Dum truculentus Mahomet *Turbinis instar volat*
Et impotenter bacchatur in male-sustentatam Crucem.
Sanguine & ruinâ volutans Europa *jacet.*
Tu in tranquillâ & plenâ senectute
Semotus à tumultuoso Mundi Theatro
Rabiosâ ejus insaniâ intactus dormis,
Famæ securus & ab omni obtrectatione liber.
Qui ampliorem attineret felicitatem,
Vel usque ad Cœlos ocyus volaret,
Oportet esse plusquam Mortalem,
Nec unquam prorsus dignari mori.

On

On the much lamented

DEATH

OF OUR LATE

SOVEREIGN LORD

King Charles II.

OF

BLESSED MEMORY.

A Pindarique Ode.

STANZA I.

ALas! Why are we tempted to complain,
That Heav'n is deaf to all our cries!
Regardleſs of poor Mortals miſeries!
And all our fervent Pray'rs devoutly vain!
'Tis hard to think th' immortal Powers attend
Human affairs, who raviſh from our ſight

The

The *Man*, on whom ſuch Bleſſings did depend,
Heav'ns, and Mankinds Delight!
The *Man!* O that opprobrious word, *The Man!*
Whoſe meaſure of duration's but a Span,
Some other name at *Babel* ſhould have been contriv'd
(By all the vulgar World t' have been receiv'd)
A *Word* as near as could be to Divinity,
Appropriate to *Crown'd Heads*, who never ought to (Die;
Some ſignal Word that ſhould imply
All but the ſcandal of Mortality.
'Tis fit, we little lumps of crawling Earth,
Deriv'd from a Plebeian birth,
Such as our frail Forefathers were,
Should to our primitive Duſt repair;
But *Princes* (like the wondrous *Enoch*) ſhould be (free
From Death's unbounded Tyranny,
And when their Godlike Race is run,
And nothing glorious left undone,
Never ſubmit to Fate, but only Diſappear.

II.

II.

But, ſince th' eternal Law will have it ſo,
That *Monarchs* prove at laſt but finer Clay,
What can their humble Vaſſals do?
What Reverence; What Devotion can we pay,
When theſe, our earthly Gods, are ſnatch'd away?
Yes, we can mourn, Yes, we can beat our breſt,
Yes, we can call to mind thoſe happy days
Of Pleaſure, and of Reſt,
When *CHARLES* the Merciful did reign,
That *Golden Age*, when void of cares,
All the long Summer's day,
We *Atoms* in *His* beams might ſport, and play:
Yes, we can teach our Children to bewail
His fatal Loſs, when we ſhall fail,
And make Babes learn in after days
The pretty way of ſtammering out *His* Praiſe,
His merited praiſe, which ſhall in every Age
With all advantage flame,

In ſpight of Furies, or infernal Rage,
And imp the Wings, and ſtretch the Lungs of Fame.

III.

Excellent *Prince*, whom every Mouth did bleſs,
And every bended knee adore,
On whom we gaz'd with exſtaſie of Joy
(A Viſion which did ſatisfie, but never cloy)
From whom we dated all our happineſs,
And from above could ask no more,
Our gladſome Cup was fill'd till it ran o're.
Our Land (like *Eden*) flouriſh'd in *His* time,
Defended by an *Angels* Sword,
A terrour 'twas to thoſe abroad,
But all was *Paradiſe* to thoſe within:
Nor could th' Old Serpent's Stratagem
Ever ſupplant *His* well-watch'd Diadem.
Excellent *Prince*, of whom we once did ſay
With a triumphant noiſe,
In one united voice,
On that *ſtupendious Day*,

Long

Long live, Long live the King!
And Songs of IO PÆAN ſing,
How ſhall we bear this Tragical Surprize,
Now we muſt change *Long Live*, for *Here He lies?*

IV.

Have you forgot? (but who can *Him* forget?)
You watchful Spirits that preſide
O'r ſublunary things,
Who, when you look beneath, do oft deride,
Not without cauſe, ſome other petty Kings;
Have you forgot the greatneſs of *His* mind,
The bravery of *His* elevated Soul,
(But *He* had ſtill a *Goſhen* there)
When darkeſt Cares around *His* Royal heart did (wind,
As Waves about a ſteddy Rock do roul:
With what diſdain *He* view'd
The fury of the giddy multitude,
And bare the *Croſs*, with more than manly fortitude,
As *He* had learn'd in Sacred Lore,
His mighty Maſter had done long before.

And you muſt ever own
(Or elſe you very little know
Of what we think below)
That when the Hurricanes of th' State were o'r,
When in *His* noon-tide blaze *He* did appear,
His gentle awful brow
Added freſh luſtre to th' Imperial *Crown*,
By Birthright, and by Virtue, more than once *His* own.

V.

He was! —but what *He* was, how great, how good,
How juſt, how *He* delighted not in blood,
How full of pity, and how ſtrangely kind,
How hazardouſly conſtant to *His* Friend,
In Peace how glorious, and in War how brave,
Above the charms of Life, and terrors of the Grave;
When late Poſterity ſhall tell:
What *He* has done ſhall to a Volume ſwell,
And every Line abound with Miracle
In that prodigious *Chronicle*.
Forgive (*unbody'd Sovereign*) forgive,

And

And from your ſhining Manſion caſt an Eye
To pity our officious Blaſphemy,
When we have ſaid the Beſt we can conceive.
Here ſtop (preſumptuous Muſe!) thy daring flight,
Here hide thy baffled head in ſhades of night,
Thou too obſcure, thy dazling *Theme* too bright,
For what thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, (with grief
Will more emphatically be ſupply'd (ſtruck dum)
By the joint Groans of melancholy Chriſtendom.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY King James II.

DRead *Prince!* Whom all the world admires (and fears,
By Heav'n design'd to wipe away our tears,
To heal our wounds, and drooping spirits raise,
And to revive our former *Halcyon* days,
Permit us to assure our selves, that You,
Your happy *Brothers* fortune will pursue,
For what great thing is that *You* dare not do?
Whose long known, unexampled Gallantry (Sea.
So oft has shaken th' Earth, and curb'd the haughty
And may those Stars, that ever o'r *You* shone,
Double their influence on *Your* peaceful Throne.
May *You* in honourable Deeds out-shine
The brightest *Heroes* of *Your Royal* Line,

That

That when *Your* Enemies ſhall the Scepter ſee
Graſp'd in a hand enur'd to Victory,
The Rebels may like *Lucifer* fall down,
Or fly, like Phantoms from the riſing Sun.

Extremum Hunc Arethuſa *mihi concede Laborem.*
Virgil.

ODES
OF
HORACE
PARAPHRASED
BY
THOMAS FLATMAN.

BOOK II. ODE XIX.

Being half foxt he praiſeth BACCHUS.

IN a blind corner jolly *Bacchus* taught
The Nymphs, and Satyrs Poetry,
My ſelf (a thing ſcarce to be thought)
Was at that time a ſtander by.
And ever ſince the whim runs in my head,
With heavenly frenzy I'm on fire;
Dear *Bacchus* let me not be puniſhed
For raving, when thou did'ſt inſpire.
Extatically drunk, I now dare ſing
Thy bigot *Thyades*, and the ſource
Whence thy brisk Wine, Hony, and Milk did ſpring,
Enchanell'd by thy Scepters force.
Bold as I am, I dare yet higher fly,
And ſing bright *Ariadne*'s Crown,
Rejoyce to ſee bold *Pentheus* deſtiny,
And grave *Lycurgus* tumbled down.

Rivers

Rivers, and Seas thine Empire all obey,
When thou thy ſtandard do'ſt advance,
Wild Mountaineers, thy Vaſſals, trim, and gay
In tune and time ſtagger and dance.
Thou when great *Jove* began to fear his throne;
(In no ſmall danger then he was)
The mighty *Rhœcus* thou did'ſt piſs upon,
And of that Lion mad'ſt an Aſs.
'Tis true, thy Talent is not War, but mirth;
The Fiddle, not the Trumpet, thine;
Yet did'ſt thou bravely lay about thee then,
Great Moderator, God of Wine.
And when to Hell in triumph thou did'ſt ride
'Ore *Cerberus* thou did'ſt prevail,
The ſilly Curr, Thee for his Maſter own'd,
And like a Puppy wagg'd his tail.

Book III. ODE VIII.

To MÆCENAS.

LEarned *Mæcenas*, wonder not that I,
(A Batchelor) invoke that Deity,
Which at this Feaſt the married rout adore,
And yearly do implore.
They pray the gods to make their burthen light,
And that their yoke-fellows may never fight:
I praiſe them, not for giving me a Wife,
But ſaving of my life.
By heav'n redeem'd, I ſcap'd a falling Tree;
And yearly own that ſtrange delivery,
Yearly rejoyce, and drink the briskeſt Wine,
Not ſpill it at their ſhrine.
Come (my *Mæcenas*) let us drink, and thus
Cheriſh that life, thoſe Pow'rs have given us:
A thouſand Cups to Midwife this new birth,
With inoffenſive mirth,

No

No State-affairs near my *Mæcenas* come,
Since all are faln that fought victorious *Rome*.
By Civil broils the *Medes*, our foes, will fall.
The weakeſt to the Wall.
Our fierce, and ancient Enemy of *Spain*
Is now ſubdu'd, and tamely bears our chain.
The Savage *Scythian* too begins to yield,
About to quit the field.
Bear they the load of Government that can;
Thou, ſince a private, and good natur'd man,
Enjoy th' advantage of the preſent Hour,
For why ſhould'ſt thou look ſour?

BOOK III. ODE IX.

HORACE and LYDIA.

Hor. WHile I was lovely in thine eye,
And while no ſoft embrace but mine
Encircled thy fair Ivory neck,
I did the *Perſian* King out-ſhine.
Lyd. While *Horace* was an honeſt Lad,
And *Chloe* leſs than *Lydia* lov'd,
Lydia was then a matchleſs Laſs,
And in a ſphere 'bove *Ilia* mov'd.
Hor. But *Chloe* now has vanquiſht me,
That Lute and Voice who could deny?
Methinks might I but ſave her life,
I could my ſelf even dare to die.
Lyd. Young *Calais* is my Gallant,
He burns me with his flaming Eye,
To ſave the pretty villians life,
'Twice over I could dare to die.

Hor.

Hor. But ſay I *Lydia* lov'd agen,
And would new-braze Loves broken chain?
Say I ſhould turn my *Chloe* off,
And take poor *Lydia* home again?
Lyd. Why then though He a fixed Star,
Thou lighter than a Cork ſhould'ſt be,
Mad, and unquiet as the Sea,
Yet would I live, and die with thee.

Book III. ODE XII.

NO more Love's ſubjects, but his ſlaves they be,
That dare not o're a Glaſs of Wine be free,
But quit, for fear of friends, their liberty.

Fond *Neobule?* thou art lazy grown,
Away thy Needle, Web, and Diſtaff thrown,
Thou hop'ſt thy work by *Hebrus* will be done,

A ſturdy Youth, and a rank Rider he,
Can run a race, and box moſt manfully,
Swim like a Duck, and caper like a Flea.

He

He hunts the Stag, and all the Foreſt o're
With ſtrength and craft purſues the ſavage Boar:
He minds the ſport, and thou deſir'ſt no more.

Book III. ODE XVII.

To ÆLIUS LAMIA.

BRave *Ælius*, ſprung from an Heroick line,
Whoſe Pedigree in long deſcents do ſhine,
That add'ſt new glories to the *Lamian* Name,
And rear'ſt freſh Trophies to their fame!
Deſcended from Prince *Lamus*, whoſe command
Reach from the *Formian* walls, o're Sea and Land;
Well was he known our Anceſtors among,
Where gentle *Lyris* ſlides along.
Great as thou art, time will not thee obey:
To-morrow's like to be a bluſtring day,
Some tempeſt too is threatned from the Eaſt,
As by th' unlucky Crow I gueſt:

'Tis dry to day! Now lay thy feuel in,
'Ere the unwelcome Seaſon do begin,
Good Victtuals get, and frolick friends together,
Armour of proof againſt ill weather.

Book III. ODE XIX.

To TELEPHUS.

1.

THou por'ſt on *Helvicus*, and ſtudieſt in vain,
How many years paſt betwixt King, & Kings (reign,
To make an old woman ev'n twitter for joy
At an Eighty eight ſtory, or the ſcuffle at *Troy*:
But where the good wine, and beſt fire is
When the cruel North wind does blow,
And the Trees do penance in Snow;
Where the Poets delight and deſire is,
Thou pitiful Book-worm ne'r troubleſt thy brain.

2.

Come Drawer ſome Claret, we'l drown this new (Moon.
More Candles t' improve this dull night into noon:

Let

Let the Healths, let the Houſe, and the Glaſſes turn (round,
But no Tears, except thoſe of the Tankard abound.

Come! here's a good health to the Muſes,

Three brimmers to the three times three,

And one to each Grace let there be;

The tripple skull'd Dog bite him that refuſes.

3.

Let's be mad as *March*-hares, call the Minſtrels and (Singers,
Strike up there!—kick that Rogue— he ha's Chil- (blains on's fingers,
Let that whoreſon our neighbour, on his bags that (lies thinking,
Bear a part in the ſtorm, but not the calm of our (drinking.

Come! bring us a Wench, or two, prithee,

Thou *Telephus* look'ſt pretty fair,

And haſt a good thick head of hair,

Fetch him *Chloe*, ſhe's buxom, and loves to trade (with thee;
Call *Glycera* to me, for I am one of her Swingers.

Book III. ODE XX.

To PYRRHUS.

DRy *Pyrrhus*, little doſt thou know,
What 'tis to make a Whelp forgo
His Lioneſs, —faith 'twill not do!
It will be ſo.

Nearchus underſtands his game,
If he reſolves to quit his fame,
What's that to you? To ſave his name
You'l purchaſe ſhame.

If before Peace, you War prefer,
Shoot at his Butt— you'l find from her
A *Rowland* for your *Oliver*,
That I dare ſwear.

He is a gay, and ſanguine Man,
His Periwig the wind do's fan,
And ſhe will hug him, now and than,
Do what you can.

Book III. ODE XXI.

To his Wine-Veſſels.

KInd Brother *Butt!* as old, and brisk, as I,
(For we had both the ſame Nativity,)
Whether to mirth, to brawls, or deſperate Love,
Or ſleep, thy gentle power do's move;
By what, or name, or title dignifi'd;
Thou need'ſt not fear the niceſt teſt to 'bide:
Corvinus, health ſince we may not refuſe,
Give down amain thy generous juice.
Corvinus tho' a Stoick, will not balk
Thy charms, for he can drink, as well as talk.
Old *Cato*, tho he often were moroſe,
Yet he would ſometimes take a Doſe.
O Wine! thou mak'ſt the thick-skull'd fellow ſoft;
Eaſeſt the Stateſman, vext with cares full oft;
Unriddleſt all intrigues with a free Bowl,
Thou arrant pick-lock of the Soul!

Thou doſt our gaſping, dying hopes revive,
To Peſants, ſouls as big as Princes, give;
Inſpired by thee they ſcorn their ſlaviſh fears,
And bid their Rulers ſhake their ears.
All this, and more (great *Bacchus*) thou canſt do,
But if kind *Venus* be aſſiſtant too,
Then bring more Candles to expel the night;
Till *Phœbus* puts the Stars to flight.

Book III. ODE XXII.

Upon DIANA.

GEntle *Diana*, Goddeſs bright,
Who midwiv'ſt Infants into light,
The Mountains Deity tripartite,
And Queen of Night,
To thee I conſecrate my Pine,
Henceforth it ſhall be ever thine,
Yearly I'll offer at this ſhrine
The blood of Swine.

Book

Book III. ODE III.

To VENUS.

'Tis true, I was a ſturdy Souldier once,
And bravely under *Cupid*'s banners fought:
Disbanded now, his ſervice I renounce,
My warlike weapons ſerve for nought.

Here! take my Helmet, Sword and Shield,
My Bow, my Quiver, my Artillery;
Chloe has beaten me quite out of th' field,
And leads me in captivity.

Great *Venus!* thou that know'ſt what I have been,
How able, and how true a friend to Smocks!
Revenge my quarrel on th' imperious Quean,
And pay her with a Pox!

Book IV. ODE I.

To VENUS.

NO more of War:—Dread *Cytherea*, ceaſe;
Thy feeble Souldier ſues for Peace.
Alas I am not now that man of might,
As when fair *Cinara* bad me fight.
Leave *Venus*, leave! conſider my gray hairs
Snow'd on by fifty tedious years.
My Forts are ſlighted, and my Bulwarks down:
Go, and beleaguer ſome ſtrong Town.
Make thy attempts on *Maximus*; there's game
To entertain thy Sword, and Flame.
There Peace and Plenty dwell: He's of the Court,
Ignorant what 'tis to ſtorm a Fort:
There found a charge; he's generous and young,
He's unconcern'd, luſty and ſtrong:
He of thy ſilken Banners will be proud,
And of thy Conqueſts talk aloud,

His

His bags are full: the Lad thou may'ſt preſer
To be thy Treaſurer in War.
He may erect Gold Statues to thy name:
And be the Trumpet of thy fame:
Thy Deity the zealous youth will then invoke,
And make thy beauteous Altars ſmoke.
With Voice, and Inſtruments thy praiſe ſhall ſound;
Diviſion he, and Love the ground,
There, twice a day the gameſome company
Of Lads and Laſſes in debvoir to thee,
Like *Mars*'s Prieſts their numbers ſhall advance,
And ſweetly ſing, and nimbly dance.
But as for me! I'm quite diſpirited,
I court nor Maid, nor Boy to bed!
I cannot drink, nor bind a Garland on,
Alas! my dancing days are done!
But hold—Why do theſe tears ſteal from my Eyes?
My lovely *Ligurinus*, why?
Why does my fault'ring tongue diſguiſe my voice
With rude, and inarticulate noiſe?

O *Ligurin!* 'tis thou that break'ſt my reſt,
Methinks I graſp thee in my breſt:
Then I purſue thee in my paſſionate dreams
O're pleaſant fields, and purling ſtreams.

Book IV. ODE X.

To LIGURINUS, *a beauteous Youth.*

'TIs true, thou yet art fair (my *Ligurine*)
No Down as yet environs cheek, or chin:
But when thoſe hairs which now do flow, ſhall fall,
And when thy Roſie Cheeks turn wan and pale:
When in thy Glaſs another *Ligurine* thou
Shalt ſpy, and ſcarce thy bearded ſelf ſhalt know;
Then thou (deſpis'd) ſhalt ſing this piteous Song;
Why am I old? or why was ever young?

Book

Book IV. ODE XI.

To PHILLLIS.

COme *Phillis*, gentle *Phillis!* prithee come,
I have a Glaſs of rich old Wine at home,
And in my Garden curious Flowers do grow,
That languiſh to adorn thy brow.
The Ivy, and the yellow Crowfoot there
With verdant Chaplets wait to braid thy hair;
With ſilver Goblets all my houſe does ſhine,
And Vervain round my Altar twine,
On which the beſt of all my flock ſhall bleed;
Come, and obſerve with what officious ſpeed
Each Lad, and Laſs of all my houſe attends
Till to my roof the ſmoke aſcends.
If thou would'ſt know why thou muſt be my gueſt,
I tell thee 'tis to celebrate a Feaſt,
The Ides of *April*, which have ever been
Devoted to the *Cyprian* Queen.

A day more ſacred, and more fit for mirth
Than that which gave me (worthleſs mortal) birth:
For on that day *Mecænas* firſt ſaw light,
Born for our wonder, and delight.
My *Phyllis*, ſince thy years come on apace,
Subſtitute me in *Telephus* his place,
He's now imploy'd by one more rich, more fair,
And proudly does her ſhackles wear.
Remember what became of *Phaeton*;
Remember what befel *Bellerophon*;
That by Ambition from his Fathers Throne,
And this, by *Pegaſus* thrown down.
Content thy ſelf with what is fit for thee,
Happy that couple that in years agree!
Shun others, and accept my parity,
And I will end my Loves with thee.
Thou art the laſt whom I intend to court,
Come then; and (to prepare thee for the ſport)
Learn Prick-ſong, and my merry Odes reherſe,
Many a Care is charm'd by Verſe.

EPODE

EPODE III.

To MÆCENAS.

IN time to come, if ſuch a crime ſhould be
As Parricide, (foul villany!)
A Clove of Garlick would revenge that evil;
(Rare diſh for Plough-men, or the Devil!)
Accurſed root! how does it jounce and claw!
It works like Rats-bane in my maw.
What Witch contriv'd this ſtrat'gem for my breath!
Poiſon'd at once, and ſtunk to death;
With this vile juice *Medæa* (ſure) did noint
Jaſon (her Love) in every joint;
When untam'd Bulls in yokes he led along,
This made his manhood ſmell ſo ſtrong:
This gave her Dragon venom to his ſting,
And ſet the Hagg upon the wing.
I burn, I parch, as dry as duſt I am,
Such drought on *Puglia* never came.

Alcides

Alcides could not bear ſo much as I,
He oft was wet, but never dry.
Mecænas! do but taſte of your own Treat,
And what you gave your Poet, eat;
Then go to Bed, and court your Miſtris there,
She'l never kiſs you I dare ſwear.

EPODE VI.

Againſt Caſſius Severus, *a revileful and wanton Poet.*

THou Village-Curr! why do'ſt thou bark at me?
A Wolf might come, and go, for thee.
At me thou open'ſt wide, and think'ſt that I
Will bark with thee for company.
I'm of another kind, and bravely dare,
(Like th' Maſtiff) watch my flock with care:
Dare hunt through ſnow, and ſeize that ſavage beaſt
That might my darling folds moleſt:
Thou (only in the noiſe thou mak'ſt) robuſt
Leav'ſt off the chaſe; leap'ſt at a cruſt,

But

But have a care! for if I vent my ſpleen,
I (for a ſhift) can make thee grin:
I'le make thee (if *Iambicks* once I ſing)
To die, like *Bupalus*, in a ſtring.
When any man inſults o're me, ſhall I
Put finger in mine eye, and cry?

EPODE X.

Againſt MÆVIUS *a Poet.*

ANd art thou ſhip'd, friend *Dogrel!*--get thee gon
Thou peſt of *Helicon.*
Now for an Hurricane to bang thy ſides
(Curſt Wood) in which he rides!
An Eaſt-wind tear thy Cables, crack thy Oars,
While every billow roars.
With ſuch a Wind let all the Ocean ſwell
As wafted *Noll* to Hell:
No friendly Star o'er all the Sea appear
While thou be'ſt there;

Nor

Nor kinder deſtiny there may'ſt thou meet,
Than the proud *Grecian* Fleet,
When *Pallas* did their Admiral deſtroy
Return'd from ruin'd *Troy*.
Methinks I ſee the Mariners faint, and thee
Look ſomewhat ſcurvily:
Thou call'ſt on *Jove*, as if great *Jove* had time
To mind thy *Grub ſtreet* Rhyme,
When the proud waves their heads to Heav'n do rear
Himſelf ſcarce free from fear:
Well!—If the Gods ſhould thy wreckt carcaſe ſhare
To Beaſts, or Fowls of th' air,
I'll ſacrifice to them, that they may know
I can be civil too.

EPODE

EPODE XI. *To* Pettius *his Chamber-fellow.*

AH *Pettius!* I have done with Poetry,
I've parted with my liberty,
For *Cupid*'s ſlavery.
Cupid that peeviſh God has ſingled out
Me, from among the Rhyming rout,
For Boys and Girls to flout:
December now has thrice ſtript every Tree,
Since bright *Inachia*'s Tyranny
Has laid its chains on me.
Now fie upon me! all about the Town
My Miſs I treated up and down,
I for a Squire was known.
Lord what a whelp was I! to pule and whine,
To ſigh, to ſob, and to repine!
For thy ſake (Miſtreſs mine!)
Thou didſt my Verſe, and thou my Muſe deſpiſe,
My want debas'd me in thine eyes.
Thou wealth, not wit, didſt prize.
Fuddled with Wine, and Love my ſecrets flew,

Stretcht on thoſe racks, I told thee true,
What did my ſelf undo.
Well!—plague me not too much, imperious Dame,
Leſt I blaſpheme thy charming name,
And quench my former flame.
I can give others place, and ſee thee die
Damn'd with their prodigality,
If I ſet on't, ſo ſtout am I.
Thou know'ſt (my Friend) thus have I often ſaid,
When, by her ſorceries miſled,
Thou bad'ſt me home to bed:
Ev'n then my practice gave my tongue the lie,
I could not her curſt houſe paſs by:
I fear'd, but could not fly.
Since that, for young *Lyciſcus* I'm grown mad;
Inachia ſuch a face ne're had,
It is a lovely Lad.
From his embraces I ſhall ne'r get free,
Nor friends advice, nor infamy
Can diſintangle me:

Yet

Yet if ſome brighter Object I ſhould ſpy
That, might perhaps debauch my Eye,
And ſhake my conſtancy.

EPODE XV. *To his Sweet-heart* Neæra.

IT was a lovely melancholy night;
The Moon, and every Star ſhone bright;
When thou didſt ſwear thou would'ſt to me be true,
And do as I would have thee do:
Falſe Woman! round my neck thy arms did twine,
Inſeparable as the Elm, and Vine:
Then didſt thou ſwear thy paſſion ſhould endure
To me alone ſincere and pure,
Till Sheep and Wolves ſhould quit their enmity,
And not a Wave diſturb the Sea.
Treacherous *Neæra!* I have been too kind,
But *Flaccus* can draw off thou'lt find;
He can that face (as thou do'ſt him) forſwear,
And find (it may be) one as fair:
And let me tell thee, when my fury's mov'd,
I hate devoutly, as I lov'd.

But thou (bleſt Gameſter) whoſoe'r thou be
That proudly do'ſt my drudgery,
Didſt thou abound in numerous Flocks, and Land,
Wer't heir to all *Pactolus* Sand;
Though in thy brain thou bor'ſt *Pythagoras*,
And carriedſt *Nereus* in thy face,
She'd pick another up, and ſhab thee off,
And then 'twill be my turn to laugh.

EPODE XVII. *To* Canidia.

I Yield *Canidia* to thy Art,
Take pity on a penitent heart:
By *Proſerpine* Queen of the Night,
And by *Diana*'s glimmering light,
By the myſterious Volumes all,
That can the Stars from Heaven call;
By all that's ſacred I implore
Thou to my wits would'ſt me reſtore.
The brave *Achilles* did forgive
King *Telephus*, and let him live,

Though

Though in the field the King appear'd,
And War with *Myſian* bands prepar'd.
When on the ground dead *Hector* lay,
Expos'd, to Birds, and Beaſts a prey;
The *Trojan* Dames in pity gave
Hector an honourable grave.
Ulyſſes Mariners were turn'd to Swine,
Transform'd by *Circe*'s charms divine;
Yet *Circe* did their doom revoke,
And ſtraight the grunting mortals ſpoke:
Each in his priſtine ſhape appears,
Fearleſs of Dogs to lug their Ears.
Oh! do not my affliction ſcorn!
Enough in Conſcience I have born!
My youth, and freſh complexion's gone,
Dwindled away to skin and bone.
My hair is powd'red by thy care,
And all my minutes buſie are.
Day Night, and Night the Day does chaſe,
Yet have not I a breathing ſpace!

Wretch

Wretch that I am! I now believe,
No pow'r can from thy charms reprieve:
Now I confeſs thy Magick can
Reach head, and heart, and un-man Man.
What would'ſt thou have me ſay? what more?
O Seas! O Earth! I ſcorch all o're!
Hercules himſelf ne're burnt like me,
Nor th' flaming Mount in *Sicily*:
O ceaſe thy ſpells, leſt I be ſoon
Calcin'd into a Pumice-ſtone!
When wilt th' ha' done? What muſt I pay?
But name the ſum, and I obey:
Say: Wilt thou for my ranſom take
An Hecatomb? or ſhall I make
A baudy Song t'advance thy Trade,
Or court thee with a Serenade?
Would'ſt thou to Heav'n, and be a Star?
I'le hire thee *Caſſiopeia*'s Chair.
Caſtor to *Helen* a true friend
Struck her defaming Poet blind;

Yet

Yet he, good-natur'd Gentleman,
Gave the blind Bard his eyes again.
Since this, and much more thou canſt do,
O rid me of my madneſs too!
From noble Anceſtors thy race,
No vulgar blood purples thy face:
Thou ſearcheſt not the Graves of th' poor,
But Necromancy do'ſt abhor:
Gen'rous thy breaſt, and pure thy hands,
Whoſe fruitful womb ſhall people lands,
And e're thy Childbed-linnen's clean,
Thou ſhalt be up and to't again.

CANIDIA's Anſwer.

GO—hang thy ſelf:—I will not hear,
The Rocks aſſoon ſhall lend an ear
To naked Mariners that be
Left to the mercy of the Sea.
Marry come up!—Shall thy bold pride
The myſteries of the Gods deride?

Pre-

Preſumptuous fool! commit a rape
On my repute, and think to ſcape?
Make me a Town-talk? Well! e'r thou die
Cupid ſhall vengeance take; or I.
Go, get ſome Rats-bane! —'twill not do,
Nay, drink ſome *Aqua-fortis* too:
No Witch ſhall take thy life away;
Who dares ſay, Go, when I bid Stay?
No!——I'le prolong thy loathed breath,
And make thee wiſh in vain for death.
In vain does *Tantalus* eſpy
Fruits, he may taſte but with his Eye.
In vain does poor *Prometheus* grone,
And *Siſyphus* ſtop his rolling ſtone:
Long may they ſigh, long may they cry
But not controul their Deſtiny.
And thou in vain from ſome high wall,
Or on thy naked Sword may'ſt fall,
In vain, (to terminate thy woes)
Thy hands ſhall knit the fatal nooſe:
For on thy ſhoulders then I'll ride,
And make the Earth ſhake with my pride.
Think'ſt thou that I, who when I pleaſe
Can kill by waxen Images,
Can force the Moon down from her Sphere,
And make departed Ghoſts appear,
And mix Love-potions!—thinks thy vanity,
I cannot deal with ſuch a worm as thee?

FINIS.